

THE FIRST PART
OF
GOETHE'S FAUST

TRANSLATED BY
ANNA SWANWICK.

REVISED EDITION.
WITH RETZSCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

CONSIDERING the various theories which obtain as to poetical translation, and holding that the metres, as well as the matter, of the original poem must be reproduced by the translator, as accurately as is compatible with the genius of a foreign language, and with the requirements of poetry, it has been to me a subject of sincere regret that, by the omission of the double rhymes, in some lyrical passages of my translation of 'Faust,' I have been, in a measure, unfaithful to my own ideal.

Double rhymes, it is true, are so much less common in English than in German poetry, that their retention, throughout the body of the work, would have seriously interfered with the selection of the most appropriate words wherewith to represent those of the original—a consideration which, in translation, appears to me to be of supreme importance. Hence, except in the lyrical passages, I have, without hesitation, abandoned occasionally the double rhymes which occur so frequently in the original.

In the lyrical passages, however, the double rhymes impart a peculiar character to the music of the verse, rendering their retention imperative, if it can be secured without sacrificing the spirit of the original, which is, of course, the primary consideration. Thus, in 'Faust,' there are two beautiful lyrics, The King of Thule, and Gretchen's prayer to the Mater dolorosa, where, in some stanzas, the shortness of the lines renders the retention of the metre, together with the double rhymes, impossible, and where, consequently, the translator can do no more than endeavour to convey, as faithfully as possible, the spirit of the original.

With these exceptions, I have spared no pains to remedy the defect, above alluded to, in my earlier version of 'Faust'—a defect, the recognition of which has prompted me to undertake its revision; at the same time I have gladly availed myself of the opportunity, thus afforded me, to make such further emendations as have appeared to me to be desirable.

In conclusion, in offering to the public this revised edition of my translation of 'Faust' (first part), originally published upwards of forty years ago, I can only express the hope that, in its new form, it may be less unworthy than its predecessor of the original, which, by universal consent, takes rank among the few great literary master-works of the world.

July, 1893.

A. S.

While revising my version of 'Faust,' I have occasionally consulted Hayward's prose translation of the first part, revised by C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D., and published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, 1892.

My introduction, as stated in the preface to the edition of my translation in which it first appeared, is based upon Kuno Fischer's interesting work, entitled 'Goethe's Faust, Ueber die Entstehung und Composition des Gedichts,' to which I must refer for a fuller exposition of the topics therein discussed. The sketch of the poet's life which I have introduced, as illustrating his great master-work, is compiled from the 'Autobiography' (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), Bohn's edition; Lewes's 'Life of Goethe,' 'Goethe, Vorlesungen von Herman Grimm,' and 'Goethe,' by Mr. Hayward.

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INTRODUCTION.

GOETHE'S 'Faust' has been likened by Kuno Fischer to Dante's poem of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; sprung, as he says, from the innermost genius of the Italian people, this poem, transcending its national limits, may be regarded as the poetical reflex of the middle ages. Goethe's 'Faust' bears a similar relation to the genius of the German people; giving complete expression to their innermost characteristics, it has become their 'Divina Commedia.'

Genuine poetical material, he adds, is not artificially produced; it obeys the laws of living organisms, is transmitted from generation to generation, and bears the impress of each succeeding age; thus the Faust-legend had lived in the spirit of the German people for two hundred years before its adoption by Goethe; a slight sketch of its history may throw light upon his poem in which it has found its latest development.

The Faust-legend was a continuation of the Magus-legend, which arose in ancient times from the deification of the powers of nature; in accordance with this conception, philosophers, who penetrated more deeply than ordinary mortals into the mysteries of nature, were believed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and were regarded with veneration, as wonder-workers, or magi.

With the advent of Christianity, the divinities of the ancient world were transformed into demons, and became associated in the popular imagination with Satan; hence, under its influence, magic became invested with a diabolical character, and was reprobated as a league with the powers of evil; at the same time the church, being more potent than hell, could, it was supposed, offer an infallible antidote to its machinations. This power was forfeited at the Reformation, when the Pope, in accordance with the Protestantism of the age, was regarded as Antichrist; the church, divested of its sacred character, could no longer offer a refuge to the votary of

magic, and hence, the bond-slave of Satan, at the expiration of the appointed term, inevitably became his prey; thus, in the 16th century a profoundly tragical character was impressed upon the mediæval legend, which was also modified by the Renaissance. After a sleep of nearly a thousand years the spirit of Greece revived with the discovery of the ancient classics, and combined with the Reformation to create in the popular mind a strong revulsion from many of the characteristic figures of the mediæval world; to such an age, what could be an object of more intense desire than to gaze upon the matchless forms of classical antiquity? Magic, in league with the Renaissance, fulfilled this wish; thus Faust, the magician of the period, in the presence of Charles V., summons from Hades Alexander the Great and Roxana; he allows his students at Erfurt to gaze upon the heroes of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' and at last—the greatest of his achievements—he conjures the Grecian Helena to the upper world; the magic of beauty conquers the magician; overpowered by love, he marries the shadow of the Grecian heroine; this marriage with a heathen was regarded by the superstitious feeling of the age as the most heinous crime, and its perpetrator was consigned remorselessly to hell.

The marriage with Helena forms the fundamental theme of the second part of 'Faust'; Goethe, in treating this element of the ancient legend, has modified it in accordance with the genius of an age enlightened by Winckelmann and inaugurated by Lessing. In his symbolical treatment of the subject, Helena typifies the perfect realization of ideal beauty, and, in accordance with this conception, Faust's union with her is represented not as leading to the abyss of hell, but as an upward step in the path of spiritual regeneration.

In the 16th century the Magus-legend became associated with Faust, who may be considered first as an historical, and then as a legendary personage, and finally as the hero of German popular literature. Magic, notwithstanding its supposed diabolical character, being held in high esteem in the 16th century, its votaries formed a numerous class, embracing men of every variety of culture, from students like Agrippa and Paracelsus, down to the mountebank and quack. One of these individuals, in whose person the features of popular magic were strikingly exhibited, left behind him an enduring name which became associated with the mediæval Magus-legend.

This individual was John Faust, the townsman and contemporary of Melancthon; from 1516 to 1525 he resided with his friend the abbot of Maulbronn, where the Faust-kitchen and Faust-tower still exist; he subsequently appeared at Wittenberg, where he was earnestly exhorted by Melancthon on account of his magical arts; escaping thence by flight, from impending imprisonment, he wandered through the world, and finally ended his life in a village of Württemberg. While residing in Wittenberg he boasted that the defeat of the imperial army in Italy was the result of his magical arts; the devil was said to have accompanied him in the form of a black hound.

To guard against misconception, it may be remarked that John Faust, the hero of the Magus-legend, has nothing in common with John Fust, the printer of Mainz, with whom, without any historical justification, he became subsequently identified.

During the latter half of the 16th century a variety of magical incidents gathered round the person of the popular favourite; who thus became transformed from an historical to a legendary personage. Among many examples, the following may be selected as having special interest with reference to Goethe's 'Faust.' In a work published by Lercheimer, a disciple of Melancthon, in 1585, he relates that, at the court of Heidelberg, a wandering and unnamed magician had wrought a notable miracle; he had caused vines to spring from the table, and had commanded the guests severally to apply their knives to the stalk of a grape-cluster, but not to cut till he should give the order; he then left the room; on his return each guest held under his knife, not a grape-cluster, but his own nose. A year later this story is related of Faust, without any indication of place. Subsequently it is amplified, and is transferred to a festival at Erfurt. The guests regret that Faust, who is then at Prague, is not among them; he suddenly appears, transported by magic, is joyfully welcomed and liberally entertained; wishing in turn to treat the company, he causes holes to be bored in the table, from which flows the noblest wine. In one of the oldest Faust-books, it is related that Faust had ridden out of the cellar on a wine-cask, which, till then, nobody had been able to move; this incident was localized in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, where the picture of Faust's exit upon the wine-cask, bearing the date 1525, still exists. These various incidents assigned by tradition

to different localities, Heidelberg, Erfurt, Leipzig, Goethe combines into one scene, where however it is not Faust, but Mephistopheles who plays the part of conjuror. The oldest Faust-book, of which many versions were subsequently published, appeared in Frankfort, 1587; it contains the crude materials of Goethe's 'Faust,' and is impressed with the various features of the mediæval legend; the diabolic and the tragic, the grand and the burlesque.

The hero, a peasant's son, comes as a student to Wittenberg, where he surpasses all his companions; he yearns for forbidden knowledge, buries himself in magical books, and places the Scriptures behind the door; he dislikes the title of theologian and styles himself doctor of medicine, astrologer, and mathematician. Notwithstanding its horror of magic, the pious popular book betrays also genuine admiration for the intellectual ardour of the bible-contemning youth: "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth." Then follows his compact with the devil: "In that hour," says the old Faust-book, the godless man fell away from God, and this fall was nothing more than his own pride, despair, and temerity; it was with him as with the giants of whom the poets relate that they piled mountain upon mountain, and wished to make war against God." This allusion to the Titans, in the earliest Faust-book, offers another example of the influence exercised by the Renaissance over the intellectual life of the period. After residing eight years at Wittenberg, Faust, accompanied by Mephistopheles, makes the great tour, in the course of which they appear in Rome and Constantinople. At a students' banquet at Wittenberg he invokes the Grecian Helena, whom he marries, and who bears him a son. As the end approaches he is seized with remorse, and is overwhelmed with agony at the prospect of his inevitable doom. Mephistopheles, meanwhile, certain of his prey, derides his horror-stricken victim. Faust passes the last day of his life with his friends in a village near Wittenberg, where, amid the raging of the elements, his final doom is consummated. With his death Helena and her son disappear from the scene.

In the year 1590 the German Faust-book was translated into English, and almost immediately afterwards appeared the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," by Marlowe, who, in accordance with the genius of the age, has simply dramatised the popular legend, the tragical element of which is brought out with wonderful power in the

closing scene. At a somewhat later date another version of the story was introduced upon the Spanish stage by Calderon de la Barca.

At this period the German theatre was dominated by a degenerate classical taste; French plays were preferred to those of native growth, and hence 'Faust,' though produced upon the German stage, did not hold its ground, but was degraded to a puppet-show play, the sight of which, in his childhood, so powerfully affected the imagination of Goethe. The ages, it has been truly said, are mirrored in their legends. A new age has now arrived, an age of spiritual new-birth; it looks with the eyes of Lessing into the Faust-legend, and a change passes over the features of the magician. That great critic opposed the prevailing taste for the artificial productions of the French school, and referred his countrymen to the grand works of original genius, more especially to the plays of Shakespeare. He called their attention also to the native dramas, which had been banished from the stage, and declared, with reference to the 'Faust' drama, "it has many scenes which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived."

Lessing not only indicated 'Faust' as a grand subject for dramatic treatment, he himself laid his hand to the work, which, however, he never completed; one scene of his drama alone remains. From the testimony of two of his friends, Blankenburg and Engel, we obtain, however, important information as to the main idea embodied in Lessing's 'Faust.'

In an ancient dome, at midnight, the devil had assembled the spirits of hell to a carnival, at which each relates his individual achievements; one declares: "I have done nothing; I have only conceived a thought more devilish than the deeds of the others; I will rob God of his favourite, a youth devoted to the pursuit of truth, and for its sake renouncing every other passion." Satan exults in anticipation over the accomplishment of his design. Then a voice proclaims from on high:—"Ye shall not prevail!"

These words indicate a new epoch in the development of the Faust-legend, which adapts itself, as formerly to the genius of the 16th, so now to that of the 18th century. The contempt for antiquated and worn-out forms, the craving for originality, the passionate thirst for higher knowledge, which characterised the new epoch, found their counterpart in the hero of the popular legend: "He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in

heaven and upon earth." How Lessing would have carried out his conception can never be known; so far, however, is certain; Faust is to be saved! The triumph of hell over such a spirit is only apparent; a mind thirsting for truth is no prey for Satan. In order to bring the magician of the popular legend into harmony with the spirit of the age, the great magician of German literature must appear, to whom it was given to fashion men after his image. When Lessing directed attention to Faust, Goethe was in his tenth year; a decade later, and the time approaches when the conception of Faust will begin to take possession of his soul.

It has been remarked by Mr. Lewes, "that all Goethe's works are biographical; are parts of his life, and expressions of the various experiences he underwent, and the various stages of culture he passed through."* This is eminently true of 'Faust,' and hence it may be desirable for its elucidation, to give a brief sketch of the poet's life.

The trite aphorism that "the child is the father of the man" has never perhaps had a more striking illustration than in Goethe; and as in Faust, we have an idealized portrait of the great poet, a cursory allusion to a few characteristics of his childhood may form a fitting prelude to the consideration of the poem.

Many of the most striking and apparently opposite tendencies of Goethe's nature, subsequently impersonated in the creations of his genius, manifested themselves almost in his infancy. Thus his innate love of the beautiful and disgust at its opposite, displayed itself in his third year, when he was moved to tears by the sight of an ugly child. He tells us how, when a boy, he flew past the meat stalls in perfect horror, while it was his special delight to promenade on the great bridge over the Maine, where the beautiful river above and below the bridge attracted his eye, and the gilt weather-cock on the bridge-cross glittered in the sunshine.

To the student of Faust, who remembers the magnificent description of the sunset, in the first part, it is interesting to read of the boy's experience in the so-called garden-room, commanding a pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable extent of neighbours' gardens. "There," he says, "I commonly learned my lessons, and watched the thunderstorms, and could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my window."

* See also Goethe's Autobiography (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), vol. i p. 240. (Bohn's ed.)

His dramatic proclivities, together with his marvellous creative faculty, also manifested themselves in early childhood. Never to be forgotten was the last Christmas gift of his grandmother, a puppet theatre, "whereby an imagined world of enchantment was opened to the four-year-old child;" he himself tells us how "the marionette fable of Faust, murmured with many voices in his soul." We also learn from his autobiography how, when weary of the original drama to which the puppets had been specially adapted, other pieces were attempted with changed dresses and decorations; and how, when he and his companions had out-grown the puppets, his fancy and technical skill were exercised in making arrangements for the plays and tragedies in which they were themselves the performers. His precocious power of story-telling was also exercised for the delight of his companions, and the specimen which he gives of these boyish productions, in 'The New Paris,' exhibits the same blending of the real and the ideal which characterised his mature creations, and shows us how, "in accordance with the instincts of his nature, he learned to work up his visions and conceits into artistic forms."

In his sixth year his peace of mind was deeply disturbed by tidings of the Lisbon earthquake; God the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, in thus consigning the just and the unjust to the same destruction, had not manifested Himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions; he began to settle into a serious disbelief in the benignity of Providence. Gradually his doubts subsided; he listened in the family circle to discussions respecting the different religious sects, all of whom were animated by the same purpose of approaching the Deity, especially through Christ, more closely than seemed possible under the forms of the established religion. He came to the thought that he also might immediately approach the great God of Nature, whose earlier manifestations of wrath had been long forgotten in the beauty of the world. The boy could ascribe no form to the Deity; he therefore sought him in his works, and resolved, in the good Old Testament fashion, to build him an altar. Natural productions were set forth as images of the world, over which a flame was to burn, typifying the aspirations of man's heart towards his Maker. Ores and other natural productions were arranged on a music-stand, in the form of a four-sided pyramid; a fumigating pastille was placed on the apex; the sun glittered above the roofs, a burning

glass was applied, and thus was the worship consummated by a priest of seven years old, alone in his chamber." We see here, in embryo, as it were, in the child's mind, the curious dualism which characterised the poet, and which found its most typical expression in his great master-work, 'Faust.' The reasoning, doubting, denying intellect finds there impersonation, as well as the heaven-aspiring soul. The tendency to symbolic mysticism moreover, which has found such beautiful expression in the concluding scene of the second part of 'Faust,' thus manifested itself in the worship of the seven-year-old child.

Faust's passionate thirst for knowledge, which sought gratification in all directions, and strove to unveil the hidden mysteries of nature, had also its prototype in the juvenile Goethe. For an account of the various modes in which he sought to gratify, what he has himself styled, his voracious appetite for knowledge, the reader is referred to the earlier pages of his autobiography. One example of this many-sided curiosity must suffice: an armed loadstone, sewed up in scarlet cloth, was, he tells us, destined one day to experience the effects of his spirit of investigation. The secret attractive force exercised by the instrument excited his wonder and admiration; desiring to arrive at some revelation of the mystery, he tore away the external covering; "the parts were scattered, and I lost," he says, "the wondrous phenomenon at the same time with the apparatus."

His susceptibility to the tender passion, which formed so striking a characteristic of his nature, and which so powerfully influenced his subsequent career, manifested itself even in his boyhood. He tells us how, before his fifteenth year, he experienced for the first time the joys and sorrows of love. The story of his intercourse with Gretchen, whose name he has immortalised in 'Faust,' is circumstantially related in his autobiography; the mental anguish, together with the physical prostration which followed the destruction of his romance, bear witness to the intensity of his feelings; I have no doubt that here, as in many subsequent episodes of his life, he has embodied some passages of his own experience in 'Faust,' where situations and images appear which remind us of his intercourse with Gretchen.

Thus he tells us how her form, from the moment in which he first beheld her, followed him in every path: as he could find no pretext

to see her at home, he went to church for love of her, and there gazed his fill. "When the congregation left the church," he adds, "I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to have returned my greeting with a nod." Surely we have here the germ of the scene in which Gretchen, on leaving the cathedral, is unceremoniously accosted by Faust. Moreover when, at length, Goethe visits Gretchen's home, she sits at the window spinning; and the relation which subsequently sprang up between them—the maiden anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach—suggests what appears to him the most beautiful union between two human beings, when the maiden looks up to her lover as the creator of her spiritual existence; which is precisely Gretchen's attitude towards Faust.

"At length the arrow, with its barbed hooks, was torn out of his heart, and the question then was how the inward sanative power of youth could be brought to his aid." He fled to the woods, and in the remotest depth of the forest sought out a solemn spot, where the noblest oaks and beeches formed a large, noble, shaded space. Here he gradually experienced the healing ministrations of nature; and when the undefined feelings awakened by his sacred grove could no longer satisfy him, he found relief in his artistic proclivities, and copied from nature the various objects by which he was surrounded.

The wonderful susceptibility to the influences of nature, revealed in this experience of boyhood, formed one of the most striking characteristics of the man, and has also found expression in his great master-work. After the heart-rending emotions experienced by Faust in the prison-scene with Gretchen, at the end of the first part, he reappears, in the opening scene of the second part with his lacerated spirits healed and harmonised by the soothing influences of nature, typified by Ariel and his elfin choir; and in the artistic realization of ideal beauty, he finds a worthy object for his renovated powers.

Having thus followed our poet through his childhood and boyhood, and having noticed some characteristics and experiences in their relation to 'Faust,' we must now follow him to Leipzig, whither he repaired at the age of sixteen, to enter upon his college life.

At that time the influence of a degenerate French taste, against which Lessing had already uplifted his powerful voice, completely dominated the social and intellectual life of Leipzig. Gottsched, the pedantic upholder of French culture, characterised by Goethe

as a respectable old grandfather, held a prominent position at the university; while the monotonous system of routine which there prevailed is described by Herman Grimm, as a continuous vegetation hedged round by reverence.

It is not surprising that Goethe's earliest literary productions should bear the stamp of his uncongenial environment; his poetical career was inaugurated by a series of songs, in the prevailing French style, composed for music, and by the composition of his earliest extant drama, 'Die Laune des Verliebten' (translated under the title of 'The Wayward Lover'). This drama was founded upon his relation with Anna Katharina Schönlkopf, the attractive daughter of his host and hostess, whose affections, according to his own account, he won and afterwards forfeited by his own foolish jealousy and caprice. A second drama, 'Die Mitschuldigen' ('The Fellow-Culprits'), was also sketched at this period; the experiences embodied in these two pieces furnish, however, no elements for 'Faust;' the feature of his Leipzig residence which has there stamped itself with the greatest prominence is the dissatisfaction awakened by the college lectures on philosophy, logic, and jurisprudence.

"At first," he tells us, "I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully; but the philosophy would by no means enlighten me. In the logic, it seemed strange to me that I had so to tear asunder, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upwards, and this in order to see into the right use of them. Of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the Professor himself. . . . It was soon quite as bad with the law lectures; for I already knew just as much as the Professor thought good to communicate to us. My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first, was paralysed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down ~~more~~ more that which I had repeated often enough to retain it for ever in my memory." We have here the experience which subsequently embodied itself in the celebrated scene between Mephistopheles and the Student.

To this period must also be referred some elements in the portraiture of Faust himself. Goethe has informed us how, in preparing for his first communion, his religious aspirations had been paralysed by the dry, spiritless routine to which he was subjected. "I received absolution," he says, "and withdrew neither warm nor cold;

and the next day accompanied my parents to the Table of the Lord." He then describes the powerful impression produced upon his imagination by the text, that one who unworthily partakes of the Sacrament, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself. Every fearful thing which he had read in the histories of the middle ages, and even in the Bible itself, about the judgments of God, formed itself into the most frightful combinations, and produced a painful hypochondriacal condition which accompanied him to Leipzig. There, however, he became ashamed of his doubts, and at last, he says, "I completely left behind me this strange anguish of conscience, together with church and altar." "And thus, by degrees, the epoch approached when all authority was to vanish from before me, and I was to become suspicious—nay, to despair even, of the greatest and best individuals whom I had known or imagined." This fragment of his great confession finds an echo in some passages of 'Faust.'

We must not bid farewell to his Leipzig experiences without adverting to his art studies, which he there carried on with zeal and enthusiasm. He became the pupil of Oeser, the director of the Drawing Academy, who taught him that "the Ideal of Beauty is simplicity and repose." He studied the writings of Winckelmann and the 'Laocoon' of Lessing. Alluding to the distinction there pointed out between plastic and speaking art (*Bildende und Redende Kunst*), he says: "All the consequences of this splendid thought were illumined to us as by a lightning flash." There was awakened within him an intense desire to visit the picture-gallery at Dresden; thither he repaired, and on entering the sanctuary, his astonishment surpassed every expectation he had formed. He had likewise the opportunity at Leipzig of examining many valuable art collections; "and so the university," he says, "where I neglected the ends both of my family and myself, was to ground me in that in which I afterwards found the greatest satisfaction of my life."

Owing to a variety of causes his health gave way, and one summer night (1768) he awoke with a violent hæmorrhage. Medical assistance was called in; for many days he wavered between life and death, "and even the joy of convalescence was embittered by the discovery of a tumour which formed in the left side of his neck, and which troubled him for a considerable time." Thus with shattered health he left Leipzig in September 1768, and returned to his native city. Among the remembrances which he carried with

him from Leipzig, that of Auerbach's cellar, with its celebrated Faust-picture, must not be forgotten.

The domestic circumstances attending his return, his father's coldness, and impatience at the slowness of his recovery, together with the devoted affection of his sister, are mentioned in the autobiography. Of more interest, however, as bearing upon 'Faust,' was his intimacy with Susanna Katharina von Klettenberg, the central figure among his mother's pious friends, a woman in whom religious enthusiasm and high culture were associated with distinguished rank and charm of demeanour, and from whose letters and conversations arose "the confessions of a beautiful soul," which appeared in 'Wilhelm Meister.' The religious mysticism to which he was thus introduced was closely allied to alchemy, to the study of which he was at this time led to devote himself. The family physician, who belonged to the Pious Separatists, was addicted to alchemy, and hinted at the possession of an universal medicine of magical virtue, which was only to be administered in cases of extreme danger. To excite belief in the possibility of such a remedy, he recommended to his patients certain chemico-alchemical books, intimating that an acquaintance with the hidden resources of nature was necessary in order to produce this valuable panacea. Fräulein von Klettenberg had listened to these enticing words. She had secretly studied Welling's 'Opus Mago-Cabalisticum,' and small excitement, the poet tells us, was needed to inoculate him also with this disease. The works of Theophrastus, Paracelsus, and Basilus Valentinus, together with those of Helmont, Starkey, and other alchemists were studied, and thus were spent the evenings of a long winter, during which he was compelled to keep his chamber. A crisis in his malady having arisen, the mysterious remedy, a crystallised salt dissolved in water, was administered, and from that moment the disease took a favourable turn. His faith in the physician was thus enhanced, and he was stimulated to renewed industry in his alchemic investigations. In his little attic he provided himself with glasses, retorts, and other necessary apparatus, where the strange ingredients of the macrocosm and microcosm were handled in a mysterious manner, and where he busied himself especially in preparing the so-called Liquor Silicum. Thus without reference to the composition of 'Faust,' he familiarised himself with the arts and the nomenclature employed by the mediæval necro-

mancers, whose writings, he tells us, could trace their pedigree in a direct line up to the Neo-Platonic philosophy. In the light of that philosophy nature was regarded not as the object of methodical study, but as a mystery, as a volume closed to earthly senses, for the interpretation of which a key was required as mysterious as the volume itself; he who could unveil these mysterious powers and make them available was a master over the spirits, a magician. This magic was an object of belief in the middle ages, and finds expression in the words of Faust:—

Unlock'd the spirit-world is lying,
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up scholar, lave, with zeal undying,
Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!

Goethe tells us that while studying the works of the alchemists he was particularly pleased with "the 'Aurea Catena Homeri,' in which nature, though perhaps in fantastical fashion, is represented in a beautiful combination." This conception of the universe could not find more adequate expression than in the words of Faust, when in one of the magical cabalistic books he contemplates the sign of the universe:—

How all things live and work, and, ever blending,
Weave one vast whole from being's ample range!
How powers celestial, rising and descending,
Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing,
Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing.

The religious mysticism to which Goethe was introduced by *Fräulein von Klettenberg* has, like magic, its root in the Neo-Platonic philosophy. Nowhere could the divine life, operative in external nature, be grasped so immediately as in the depths of the human soul; here also is chemistry needed to purify the gold of the spirit from the dross of lower desires and passions.

Both forms of theosophy sought to discover the soul's way to God; magic, through external nature; mysticism, through the human soul; the first course was pursued by Paracelsus, the second by Jacob Böhm; this magic and this mysticism find expression in

the beginning and the end of 'Faust.' In the opening scene the magician, after standing enraptured before the vision of the universe, exclaims in despair :—

A wondrous show ! but ah ! a show alone !
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where ?

The Mystical Chorus at the end of the poem solves the riddle ; in the divine love, symbolically represented in the Mater Gloriosa, he contemplates the unveiled secret of the universe :

All of mere transient date
As symbol showeth ;
Here the inadequate
To fulness groweth ;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love ;
The ever-womanly
Draws us above.

The period was now approaching when the genius of the great poet was to reach its full development. As his health and youthful spirits were restored, he gladly acceded to his father's intention of sending him to Strasburg, there to prosecute his studies, and eventually to take his degree.

He arrived there April 2nd, 1770, and on alighting from the diligence repaired immediately to the minster. "Many thousands since then have ascended to the platform of the tower, and read Goethe's name, which is there inscribed, and like him have gazed from the summit upon the beautiful region in which he was about to take up his abode."

Deeply significant was the brief period of his sojourn in Strasburg ; the French language, to which he had addicted himself from his youth, was abandoned, and he turned with earnestness to his mother tongue ; his multifarious studies, scientific, literary, mystical, and cabalistic, were pursued with incredible ardour ; the development of his own originality awakened his sympathy with whatever was original and characteristic in every department of human effort ; at no period of his life could he have been more susceptible to the influence of Herder, who arrived in Strasburg in the winter of 1770. Goethe was then one-and-twenty years of age ; there was a ferment

within him; he needed a master; one who should help him to find out his true life-career. In approaching Herder he, for the first time, came in contact with a really great man, to whom he could look up as his superior in culture and attainment.

Herder's mind has been compared to a mirror, in whose depths was reflected the entire history of humanity. Under his influence Goethe recognised that poetry is a gift to the world and to nations, not the private inheritance of a few refined and cultivated men. A new world was thus opened to him; the poetry of the East, the Old Testament, national songs, Homer, Ossian, Shakespeare; the full power of the great English dramatist especially was now experienced by him for the first time. "The first page," to quote a lecture delivered by him at this period, "made me his for life; and when I had perused an entire play, I stood like one born blind, to whom sight, by some miraculous power, had been restored in a moment." His own creative energies were stirring within him. "Two subjects," he says, "had rooted themselves within me, and were, little by little, moulding themselves into poetic form. These were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The biography of the former had seized my inmost heart. The figure of a rude, well-meaning self-helper, in a wild anarchical time, awakened my deepest sympathy. The significant puppet-show fable of the latter resounded and vibrated many-toned within me. I, too, had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. Real life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled." Here, if anywhere, as Mr. Lewes says, we have the key to Faust. "Three forms rise up from out the many influences of Strasburg into distinct and memorable importance: Frederika, Herder, the Cathedral. An exquisite woman, a noble thinker, and a splendid monument, led him into the regions of Passion, Poetry, and Art."*

For the charming Sesenheim Idyl, the reader is referred to the pages of the autobiography; the portrait of Frederika there sketched with such masterful and loving care, is declared by Herman Grimm to be, not a transcript from nature, but rather the portrait of an ideal being, suggested to the poet's imagination by the remembered image of his beloved one. Who, in such a case, can separate

* Lewes's 'Life of Goethe.'

poetry and truth? Suffice it to say that tender feeling and glowing passion breathe through the verses which she inspired, which have been collected into a volume entitled 'The Little Sesenheim Song-book.' We must not linger amid the groves and gardens of Sesenheim, or follow through its varied episodes the growth and development of their natural affection, but pass at once to the concluding scene. As the time approached for his departure from Strasburg, they both felt that their romance was drawing to a close. Amid the pressure of engagements which occupied the last days of his sojourn there, "I could not," he says, "fail to see Frederika once more. Those were painful days, the memory of which has not remained with me." He went to bid her farewell. "When I held out my hand to her from my horse," he says, "the tears were in her eyes, and I felt sad at heart." On his return to Frankfort he wrote to her; "Frederika's answer to the letter in which I had bidden her adieu," so we read in the autobiography, "tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was completely present to me; I felt that she was wanting to me; and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune. Gretchen had been taken away from me; Aennchen had left me; now, for the first time, I was guilty. I had wounded the most beautiful heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance, with the absence of a refreshing love, to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonising, nay, unsupportable." I quote this passage because it appears to me to have a direct relation to the Gretchen episode in Faust. On the 17th of March, 1832, five days before his death, Goethe addressed a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt, in which he says, "More than sixty years ago the conception of 'Faust' lay clearly before my youthful mind." We are thus carried back to the year 1772, when he had just returned from Strasburg to Frankfort. He tells us, in his autobiography, that he had contracted a practice from which he could not deviate his whole life through, of converting everything that gladdened or troubled, or otherwise occupied him, into a poem; hence, all his poems are only fragments of a great confession. We have seen how the images of Gretchen and Frederika at this period haunted his imagination, and we can, I think, trace the influence of both in the heroine of Faust. The name, and some of the situations, may have been suggested by

his earlier experience, while the image of Frederika, the remorse awakened by his desertion of her, together with the vivid realisation of her grief, which brought her to the brink of the grave, would stimulate his imagination, and embody themselves in that wonderful creation, which, in association with Faust, takes rank among the undying masterworks of genius. Antigone, Iphigenia, Ophelia Imogen, must, in regard to inner life-power, yield the preference to Gretchen. Though English readers may not feel disposed to subscribe to this opinion of Herman Grimm, we must all acknowledge that the anguish of bereavement has nowhere found more pathetic expression than in Gretchen's song at her spinning-wheel. The terrible scene in the cathedral, with which the first published fragment concludes, reminds us of the profound impression produced upon his mind by the contemplation of the minster. He studied it so long and so affectionately that the structure of the venerable pile became clear to him, not only as a whole, but also in the individual parts. In spirit he saw four higher spires ascending above the volutes of the tower, with a higher one in the centre, where the clumsy cross now stands. To the astonished question of the official, placed over the public edifices: "Who had told him so?" he replied, "The tower itself;" and added, "I have observed it so long and so attentively and have shown it so much affection, that it at last resolved to make me this open confession." "It has not misinformed you," replied the official; "we still have among our archives the original sketches, which say the same thing, and which I can show you." We can well understand, after reading the above, how, in connection with his studies for Götz von Berlichingen and Faust the minster could, as he tells us, stand as a back-ground to such poetical conceptions.

It is impossible to think of Faust without at the same time calling up the image of Mephistopheles, and it is interesting to consider the sources from which Goethe drew this wonderful conception.

Like most of the creations of his genius, it doubtless embodies one side of his own nature; and thus, in Faust and Mephistopheles, we have the crowning example of that dualism in the poet's mind which has found expression also in Antonio and Tasso, in Edward and the Captain, and in Jarno and Wilhelm. Nevertheless, we must look abroad for various distinctive features which characterise

Mephistopheles, and most commentators, following the poet's own suggestion, have regarded Johann Heinrich Merck as the germ of the character. There is, however, probability in the hypothesis of H. Grimm, that Herder has also supplied some elements for this memorable figure; and if so, we have here another example of the manner in which Goethe occasionally, in his poetic creations, fused two distinct individualities into one.

The supercilious tone which Herder invariably assumed towards Goethe, together with his bitter, biting, contradictory humour, which he was at no trouble to control, aroused a feeling of discontent in Goethe, which was continually at strife with the reverence awakened by his vast knowledge, which opened to the younger poet wide views of things of which he had never before dreamed. Herder, we are told, poured forth his ideas with the richest prodigality; no one, however, who received his precious gifts was spared the sarcastic bitterness with which they were accompanied. Goethe moreover recognised in Herder, for the first time, the terrible power of cold, unsparing criticism. These and other characteristics of Herder may have supplied some elements for the conception of Mephistopheles, to whom Goethe may also have transferred some of the sharp, sarcastic features which distinguished Merck, with whom he became acquainted after his departure from Strasburg. Nevertheless, highly as that remarkable man was prized by Goethe, he was not, according to Grimm, sufficiently significant to have furnished material for a figure which looked down upon everything from so great a height as did Mephistopheles. I must not pursue the subject, but refer the reader to the pages of H. Grimm, where it is discussed at greater length.

On returning to Frankfort, after parting from Frederika, Goethe was possessed by a feeling of spiritual unrest; the walls of his chamber imprisoned him; he wandered under the open sky, in the valleys, on the heights, in the fields, and in the woods; among his friends he got the name of "the wanderer"; during his rambles he composed and sang strange hymns and dithyrambs; one of these, 'The Wanderer's Storm-Song,' chanted aloud amid the raging of the elements, gives expression to these feelings, and inaugurates the advent of his "Sturm und Drang" period. In November 1771 he dramatised the history of Gottfried von Berlichingen with the "iron hand," the predatory Burgrave of the sixteenth century. The

spirit of revolt against authority and tradition, which at this period characterised alike Goethe and his age, found its prototype in the turbulent baron, whose figure so powerfully impressed the poet's imagination.

In the spring of 1772 he repaired to Wetzlar, and during the summer of that year he lived through the experience which subsequently found expression in the 'Sorrows of Werther,' a prose poem, the composition of which forms a crisis in his artistic development. The stormy impulses were quelled, the wanderer was transformed into the creative artist, who henceforth entered into the full possession of his genius. The three years which intervened between his departure from Wetzlar, November 11, 1772, and his arrival at Weimar, November 7, 1775, are the most productive period of his life. 'Werther' was written in the beginning of the year 1774. "Through this composition I had," he says, "more than through any other, saved myself out of a stormy element; I felt myself as after a general confession, again joyous and free and prepared for a new life." "The surest foundation of my independence I found in my creative activity; for several years it had never failed me; at that time, let a subject be proposed, I was at once prepared and ready." "This indwelling poetical faculty belonged to me as my own, and in thought I made it the basis of my own existence." This self-dependence, based upon creative power, transformed itself into an image, in which Goethe personified and contemplated himself: Prometheus, the man-creating Titan. Such a poet may well be styled the Magician of German poetry, he who could say of himself, I possess a panacea, which is ever at my service, the art, namely, of transmuting reality into poetry.

The hour has now arrived when he is to fashion the magician of the popular legend after his own image. This Prometheus-Goethe is Faust.

"Here I sit and shape
Men in my image,
A race like myself!"

We obtain an interesting glimpse of Goethe at this period, during a brief sojourn at Cologne, whither he was accompanied by his most congenial friend, Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi. They revelled in the interchange of thought. At night Goethe sought his friend; they stood together at the window; the moonlight trembled on

the waters of the Rhine, and Goethe recited the ballads which he had then composed, one of which is for ever associated with Gretchen—

“There was a king in Thule.”

Even Goethe's personal appearance at that time was invested with magical power. In a letter from Heinse to Gleim, written at this period, we read: “Goethe was with us; a beautiful youth of five-and-twenty, full of genius from crown to toe, a heart full of feeling, a spirit full of fire with eagle's wings.” Are we not literally reminded of the old Faust-book, and its description of the youthful magician of Wittenberg: “He took to himself eagle's wings, and wished to explore all grounds in heaven and upon earth”?

It was during this period of creative activity that ‘Faust’ was produced, in its earliest form. What Goethe published as a “Fragment” in 1790, was most probably completed, for the most part, in 1774. On the occasion of Jacobi's visit to Frankfort, early in the year 1775, Goethe communicated to him the scenes of his ‘Faust’; and when, sixteen years later, Jacobi had read the Fragment, he wrote to Goethe: “I already knew almost all.” It is therefore certain that, in the beginning of the year 1775, the oldest poem, in its essential parts, was complete. Some scenes were added in the course of the year 1775, as we learn from his letters to the Countess Augusta Stolberg, the sister of his friends.

Towards the end of the year 1774, Goethe had been captivated by Anna Elizabeth Schönnemann, celebrated in his poems as Lili. She was the daughter of a rich banker in Frankfort, and only sixteen years of age. The alliance was not acceptable to either family; obstacles intervened which seemed to render marriage impossible, and to free himself from an embarrassing situation he had accepted the invitation of the Counts Stolberg to accompany them on their Swiss tour. Signs of the mental unrest consequent upon his relations with Lili appear in his correspondence with the Countess Stolberg. On March 6 he writes to her: “I have drawn, composed a scene; O, if I did not now write dramas, there would be an end of me.” On September 17, at night, he writes from Offenbach: “The day passed tolerably. When I arose, it was well with me. I composed a scene of my ‘Faust.’ I felt somewhat like a rat which has swallowed poison; it

runs into every hole, drinks all moisture, swallows everything eatable that comes in its way, while within it burns with inextinguishable fire." We are here reminded of the song in Auerbach's cellar :—

"The cock strewed poison for the rat."

Who would have suspected that in Altmayer's satirical allusion to Siebel—"He sees in the swollen rat his own sorry image,"—Goethe had parodied his own troubled state of mind? It may be inferred that the composition of the Auerbach scene falls in September 1775, and has left its trace in the letter to the Countess Stolberg.

The "Sturm und Drang" period is lived through; we stand on the threshold of a new life-epoch of the poet, generally known as his classical period. On November 7, 1775, in his twenty-sixth year, he repaired to Weimar, where he was received most graciously by the principal personages of the Court.

Karl August, the reigning Duke, "eight years younger than Goethe, attached himself to him as to a brother;" his wife, Louise, the reigning Duchess, a truly noble woman, also gave him her friendship, and he was a special favourite with the mother-duchess, Anna Amalia, "who is described by contemporaries as combining a masculine strength of understanding, with feminine gentleness and amiability." "On June 11, 1776, the Duke named him Privy-legation-councillor. In January, 1779, he was charged with the War Commission; in September 1779, he was named Privy Councillor; in April, 1781, he was ennobled by Imperial diploma; and in June, 1782, he undertook provisionally the Presidency of the Chamber.* The practical duties attending these various offices, the distractions of society, together with the arrangement and direction of the private theatricals, which formed a prominent feature of Weimar Court life at that period, left him little leisure for prosecuting his literary labours.

The manuscript of 'Faust' had been brought with him to Weimar, and this poem was one of the first that he read in the presence of the Court. What form the 'Helena' had then assumed, we do not know; it is, however, certain that in 1780 he read it before the Duchess Amalia, and a second time before the Princess of Gotha.

* Quoted from Mr. Hayward's 'Goethe.'

The conception and composition of other works which belong to the classical period banished 'Faust' to the background. We know also, from many passages in his correspondence, with what intense regret he felt himself obliged, during the early years of his residence at Weimar, to subordinate his literary proclivities to the duties and cares of official life. In 1779 he was occupied with his 'Iphigenia,' which was first written in prose. In writing to the Duke he says: "I let people say what they will, and then I retire into my old fortress of Poetry, and work at my 'Iphigenia.' By this I am made sensible that I have been treating this heavenly gift somewhat cavalierly, and there is still time and need for me to become more economical, if ever I am to bring forth anything."

Tasso was begun in 1780, and on the last day of the same year he wrote to Frau von Stein: "My 'Tasso' moves my pity; it lies upon my desk and looks upon me with friendly glance; but what can I do? I must bake all my wheat into ammunition bread." And again: "O thou sweet Poetry! . . . I withdraw the water as much as possible from these fountains and cascades, and direct it to wheels and irrigation; but before I am aware, an evil genius draws the tap and all gushes and bubbles."

In spite of these occasional outbreaks, the record of his multifarious labours during the first six years of his Weimar residence shows "with what Spartan self-mastery he held his Pegasus fast-bound in his stall." Various branches of science meanwhile—mineralogy, astrology, and botany—in connection with his official activity, were pursued with passionate ardour. "How legible the book of Nature becomes to me," he writes, "I cannot express; my long lessons in spelling have helped me, and now my quiet joy is inexpressible." Poetry, however, was his master-passion; he longed for leisure, and to be relieved in some measure from the pressure of official duties, and accordingly, in 1783, we see him occupied with preparations for his projected visit to Italy. Various reasons have been assigned for his sudden departure from Weimar; besides his yearning, natural to a poet, to visit Italy, the land of song, it has been pointed out by Herman Grimm that the natural course of events rendered a temporary absence from the scene of his labours desirable.

Goethe had entered upon his duties as prime minister, and at the same time as educator of a young and inexperienced prince; as the

development of the latter proceeded, however, the Duke, from year to year, became more independent, and gradually took the reins into his own hands. Goethe's position was thus changed; since, while still burdened with the details of office, the decision of all questions rested with the Duke. Accordingly, with wise forethought, he adapted his life to these altered circumstances; after ten years of manifold activity he departed for Rome, and after an absence of nearly two years he returned, under changed conditions, to begin a new existence at Weimar.

* The words addressed by Plutus to the boy-charioteer in the second part of 'Faust' give expression to the sentiments with which Goethe may have looked forward to his departure for Rome, and consequent emancipation from official cares.

Now from the burden that oppressed thee here
Thou'rt frank and free; away to thine own sphere!
Here is it not; distorted, wild, grotesque,
Surrounds us here a motley arabesque.
There fly, where on thy genius thou canst wait,
Lord of thyself; where charm the good, the fair;
Where clear thy vision in the clear calm air;
To solitude—there thine own world create!

Four great poetical problems accompanied the poet to Italy; the versification of 'Iphigenia,' and the completion of 'Faust,' 'Egmont,' and 'Tasso.' During his first Roman residence, from October 28, 1786, till February 21, 1787, the first of these problems was solved. After his return from Sicily he wrote, on August 11, 1787, to Herder: "'Egmont' is completed, and may be dispatched at the end of this month. 'Tasso' comes after the new year; 'Faust' upon his mantle shall, as courier, announce my arrival!"

These two poems, however, did not advance. A quarter of a year later he wrote: "There still lie before me two such heavy stones as 'Faust' and 'Tasso.'"

Goethe poetized his own experiences. He experienced nothing that could influence these works. "If they are to progress" ('Faust' and 'Tasso'), we read in a letter written on January 1, 1788, "I must, in the course of this year, fall in love with a princess, in order to complete 'Tasso,' and I must surrender myself to the devil, in order to complete 'Faust,' However little inclination

I feel for either." At length, it would seem, life comes into 'Faust.' We find in the diary of his Italian journey, March 1, 1788, a very remarkable confession with reference to that poem.

"This has been a prolific week, which in the retrospect appears to me like a month. In the first place the plan of 'Faust' was made, and I hope that this operation has succeeded. Naturally it is another thing to write out the piece now, or fifteen years ago; I think, however, that it will lose nothing, especially as I imagine that I have now recovered the threads. Also in regard to the tone of the whole I am consoled; I have already composed a new scene, and if I were to smoke the paper nobody would be able to distinguish it from the older portion. The old manuscript, as I see it before me, gives me much to think of; it is so yellow with time that it looks like the fragment of an ancient Codex; and as I then, through reflection and imagination, had to transplant myself into an earlier world, so I must now transplant myself to a period of my own bygone experience."

"This memorandum of Goethe," says Kuno Fischer, "I consider most important, as throwing light upon the history of the origin and development of 'Faust.'"

So completely was the poet estranged from the most genial of his youthful works, that the period of its production seemed to him like his own bygone existence; he had lost the threads, and imagines that he has recovered them. In one of the most beautiful localities of Rome, the garden of the Villa Borghese, Goethe composed a scene of Faust. No one, from the locality, would divine the scene: it was the Witches' Kitchen. "I imagine," Fischer, says, "that a second scene must also be referred to the period of his Italian sojourn; namely, Faust's monologue in wood and cavern; in one passage it refers to the Witches' Kitchen, it harmonizes with the plan of the first poem, while both in form and contents it is the fruit of a later period. This monologue, highly important for the critical examination of the work, could not have been produced before his sojourn in Italy."

On June 18, 1788, Goethe returned from his Italian journey to Weimar. The letter which he addressed from Rome to Karl August plainly reveals the new position which it was his intention henceforth to occupy in connection with the Weimar Court. "My relation to affairs," he says, "sprang out of my

personal relation to you; now let a new relation, after so many years, spring from the former. I can truly say, that in the solitude of these eighteen months I have found my own self again. But as what? As an artist!"

The wise Duke answered this appeal nobly. The poet remained the adviser of his prince, but was relieved from the more onerous duties of office. The direction of the mines, and of all scientific and artistic institutions, he retained; among them that of the theatre.*

On his return to Weimar, 'Faust' and 'Tasso' remained still unfinished. In the July of the following year 'Tasso' was completed. The termination of 'Faust' was not to be thought of. Accordingly, in the seventh volume of the collected edition of his works, this poem appeared as 'A Fragment' (Easter, 1790). Here closes the first period in the history of the composition of 'Faust' (1770-1790).

This fragment consists of the following parts: 1. It opens with Faust's first monologue, the scene with the Earth-spirit, the conversation with the famulus. Then follows a wide gap. 2. It re-commences abruptly, in the midst of the second conversation between Faust and Mephistopheles, with the words of Faust:—

"The scope of all my powers henceforth be this,
To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe;"

the short monologue of Mephistopheles:—

• "Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and knowledge, only thus contemn;"

the conversation with the scholar, the preparation for the journey, the Auerbach scene, and the Witches' Kitchen succeed. 3. Then follows the Gretchen tragedy, with the exclusion of the Valentine scene; the fragment ends with Gretchen's words in the cathedral: "Neighbour, your smelling-bottle."

The essential parts were already composed in the beginning of the year 1775; then followed, in the course of the same year, the

* Quoted from Mr. Lewes's 'Life of Goethe.'

Auerbach scene, thirteen years later the Witches' Kitchen, and "the monologue in wood and cavern," which was introduced into the Gretchen tragedy in a position which required subsequently to be changed.

If we compare the fragment with the later poem which lies before us as the first part, we there find: 1. The dedication, the prologue in the theatre, the prologue in heaven; 2. All the scenes which fill up the wide ensuing gap; namely, Faust's second monologue, the Easter-song, the scene before the gate, the third monologue in Faust's study:—

"Now field and meadow I've forsaken;"

the conjuration and first appearance of Mephistopheles, the two conversations between Faust and Mephistopheles, down to the passage quoted above; 3. The completion of the Gretchen tragedy, which forms the conclusion of the first part, the Walpurgis-night, the return, the prison scene. Among these scenes, some partly sketched, some more or less carried out and requiring revision, remained in manuscript. We now approach a crisis in the development of Goethe's 'Faust' similar to that which marked the popular legend through the influence of Lessing. During a series of years Goethe had endeavoured to continue his youthful poem, and to bring it to a completion. He had wished to transport himself back into its elements, and for a moment imagined that he had succeeded. It was a self-deception. The poem lived no longer in the poet, and it could not be artificially re-quickened; what separated the two periods was the gulf of years—the difference between Goethe the youth and Goethe in the summit of manly age.

The original poem was the most powerful and fiery outflow of the "Sturm und Drang" period, an epoch from which Goethe had become more and more estranged as he advanced in life. This estrangement rose to repugnance, even to aversion, when the tremendous flood subsequently broke forth a second time with Schiller. In order to quicken 'Faust' anew there was only one method, namely, a fundamental reconstruction of the plan, which, without imitation, should return to the path indicated by Lessing. The impulse thereto came, however, not from Goethe himself, so strong at that time was his repulsion from this poem. He was, moreover, completely engrossed by other objects—official duties, scientific studies, poetical labours.

He undertook the direction of the Court Theatre, accompanied the Duke on his campaign in France; during the siege of Mainz he lived in his botanical, optical, and anatomical observations. After his 'Roman Elegies' follow his epic poems, 'Reineke Fuchs,' 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre.' He conceived the plan of a great epic, 'William Tell,' which was to be the fruits of his third Swiss journey in the year 1797. In the middle of this year falls the epoch of 'Faust's' resurrection, the turning-point which has made this poem the German 'Divina Commedia.' The first reminder of the forsaken 'Faust' came from the poet who had commenced his career as the most powerful leader of that "Sturm und Drang" period, upon which Goethe already looked down, as upon a "Dunst- und Nebelweg" (a fog and vapour-way). To the poet of 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso,' Schiller's youthful works, dramas like the 'Robbers' and 'Fiesco,' must have appeared as a relapse into that spiritual ferment which in the course of his development he had outlived and subdued. In the estrangement which he felt from his own 'Faust,' some of the same motives were operative, which formed the gulf between himself and Schiller. This gulf was eventually bridged over, and a relation of the rarest and purest kind was established between the two poets, a league of personal friendship, reciprocal encouragement, and combined productivity. They were the last ten years of Schiller's life. With a fulness of noble and grateful remembrance Goethe, in the epilogue to 'The Bell,' has celebrated this period, and the memory of his exalted friend.

This was the poet who reminded Goethe of his 'Faust,' and who with his counsel was present at the resurrection and transformation of the poem. Soon after their first personal intercourse, Schiller, in a letter written in November, 1794, touches upon this subject:—"With true longing would I read the fragments of your Faust which are still unprinted, for I confess to you that which I have read of this piece appears to me like the Torso of Hercules. There reign in these scenes a power and a fulness of genius which unmistakeably reveal the master, and I would follow as far as possible the great and bold nature which breathes therein." We are reminded of what Lessing had formerly felt respecting the old German Faust-drama:—"There are scenes therein which only a Shakespearian genius could have conceived." So Schiller now feels

respecting Goethe's 'Faust.' And how does Goethe reply? On December 2, 1794, he writes:—"Of 'Faust' at present I can communicate nothing; I do not venture to untie the packet which contains it. I could not transcribe without remodelling it, and thereto I feel within me no courage. Can anything prevail with me at some future time to undertake the work, it is your sympathy." In the August of the following year he promises "something from 'Faust'" for the December number of the 'Horen,' and Schiller repeats his entreaty August 17, 1795. This something remained unprinted. Goethe cannot yet bring himself to approach this subject. "It is with me in this matter," he says, "as with a powder which has precipitated itself from a solvent; so long as you shake, it seems once more to unite; as soon as I am left to myself, it subsides gradually to the bottom."

At length there comes a disposition favourable to 'Faust,' it is awakened amid the poetical efforts wherein the two friends worked in rivalry for the 'Musen Almanach.' "Our ballad-study, wrote Goethe, June 22, 1797, "has again brought me upon this 'Dunst- und Nebelweg.' The plan itself," such are his words, "is only an idea. I have now undertaken this idea and its realization, and am tolerably in harmony with myself respecting it." He desires now the counsel of his friend. Schiller, in a sleepless night, may think the matter over and communicate to him the demands which he should make upon 'Faust' as a whole. "Relate and interpret to me, like a true prophet, my own dream." Schiller writes in reply: "I will endeavour to recover your threads, and if this does not succeed, I will realize to myself as if I had accidentally found the fragments of 'Faust,' and were required to carry them out." "Because the fable passes and must pass into the formless, it will be necessary to pass from the object to the idea. In short, the demands upon 'Faust' are at the same time philosophical and poetical, and you may turn as you will, the nature of the subject will impose upon you a philosophical treatment." Schiller rightly adds to these words: "In this I do not certainly say to you anything new." The philosophical reconstruction was already in progress. During the days of this interchange of ideas with Schiller, Goethe composed the prologue in heaven, the dedication, the prologue in the theatre, and also the intermezzo of 'Oberon and Titania's Marriage.' The prologue in heaven embodies the fundamental idea which underlies

the new Faust-poem; this new poem had now to be combined with the already-published fragment, while the latter had to be expanded and brought into harmony with the later portion of the work. At this time his interest in art was again reawakened, and he wrote his admirable Essay on the Laocoon. On the 1st of July, 1797, he wrote to Schiller that he had made some progress with the revision of 'Faust,' but that "architecture had exorcised these airy phantoms." In the same month he made his third tour in Switzerland, where he collected material for an epic on William Tell, to which he felt more strongly drawn than to 'Faust.' The project of the epic was, however, abandoned; "he handed it over to Schiller for his drama on that subject, giving him, at the same time, his idea of the character of Tell, and the studies of localities."

In the spring of 1798, Schiller again recalled his attention to 'Faust;' it was resumed in 1800, and early in the following year the long-meditated task was completed.

The concluding scenes of the second part were probably composed at the same time. These scenes may be characterised as the gospel of man's redemption through noble work; they carry out the fundamental idea underlying the prologue in heaven, namely, the final deliverance of Faust from the power of Mephistopheles. The first part as it now lies before us appeared in Easter, 1808. Here ends the second period in the development of Faust (1700-1808).

After Schiller's death Goethe appeared to have abandoned the prosecution and completion of the poem. How profoundly he was affected by that event is seen from his correspondence. "The half of my existence is gone from me," he wrote to Zelter. "My diary," he says, "is a blank at this period; the white pages intimate the blank in my existence. In those days I took no interest in anything."*

On the resumption of his literary activity, other works occupied his attention; it will be sufficient to mention 'The Natural Daughter,' 'The Wander-years,' 'The Elective Affinities,' 'The Autobiography,' 'The West-Oestliche Divan.'

Half a century had elapsed since the original conception of the poem, when in July 1824 Goethe applied himself to its continuation and completion. In the centre of the second part stands the

* Quoted from Lewes's 'Life of Goethe.'

'Helena.' This poem was commenced at an early period of the poet's life, some scenes having been read by him to the Duchess Amalia in 1780; it was resumed in the summer of the year 1800, during a residence at Jena, and was so far carried forward that he could read a succession of scenes to Schiller. For a quarter of a century the poem was laid aside, and then in the first months of the year 1826, under the impression produced by the Greek Liberation War, was suddenly brought to a conclusion. It was published the following year, under the title: 'Helena, Classical-romantic Phantasmagoria, Interlude to Faust.' The last act had been already composed; when Sulpiz Boisserée, during the August of 1815, in constant intercourse with Goethe, inquired respecting the termination of 'Faust,' the poet answered: "I say it not, I dare not say it, but it is already finished, and in very good and grand style, out of the best period." A year after the publication of the 'Helena' a second fragment appeared, containing the opening scene of the second part, and a considerable portion of the first act. Early in the year 1831 he could announce to his friends that the first and second acts were completed. The work had been interrupted by the sorrow of bereavement; the death of the Duke, "whom he affectionately styled, his brother in arms," July 14, 1828, was followed by that of his only son, who, October 30, 1830, died in Rome. This blow nearly cost him his life. A violent hæmorrhage in the lungs was the result. One problem still remained, the completion of the fourth act of 'Faust.' In the deepest retirement of his garden-house he applied himself to the task, and on July 20, 1831, the great work was finally achieved.

If from the history of 'Faust' we turn to its contents, we shall find that it consists of two poems, each of which, though welded together by the genius of the poet, bears the impress of its own individuality. In Faust's monologue in the vaulted chamber we recognize the features of the mediæval magician; soon, however, an element unknown to the popular legend blends with the familiar type. This new element characterised the German "Sturm und Drang" period, whose motto was (*Urnatur gegen Unnatur*), the natural against the unnatural; faith in Nature had gone forth like a new gospel proclaimed by the fiery genius of Rousseau. Faust once more reflects the genius of the age, and, in his passionate revolt against empty book-learning, worn-out creeds, and rotten formulas,

yearns for more direct communion with Nature. He opens the mysterious volume of Nostradamus, and gazes with sympathetic admiration upon the harmonious working of celestial powers revealed to his spiritual gaze. His rapture, however, endures but for a moment; contemplation alone cannot satisfy the craving of his soul:—

“Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature, where?”

He sees the sign of the Earth-spirit, and exclaims:—

“Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher,
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
With storms to wrestle, brave the lightning's glare,
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.”

With passionate eagerness he invokes the Earth-spirit; the genius of nature and of humanity; his invocation is no cabalistic formula, it is the resistless power of the human will, possessed by a vehement desire, which presses on to its fulfilment. The spirit responds to his appeal and reveals himself in such fulness of fiery splendour that, for the moment, Faust shrinks back appalled. In the consciousness of inherent power, however, he quickly mans himself, and stands face to face with the spirit:—

“Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he.”

He yearns to live the life of the Earth-spirit, to come under the sway of mighty passions, to heap upon his bosom the bliss and woe of humanity. The egotist, however, who would plunge into the sea of life, in order to quench his individual thirst, does not seize the world, but is seized by it, is carried away by the current, and cast helpless to the ground. Blinded by self-will he becomes possessed by that demoniacal arrogance which bids defiance to the everlasting laws; the necessary issue of this conflict is tragic fate; this arrogance and this fate are the Hybris and the Nemesis of the ancients. This fate Faust is to experience till, shattered in his inmost being, he exclaims: “Would I had ne'er been born!” This was the fun-

damental theme of the first Faust-tragedy, which did not exclude the idea of the hero's final restoration. Of the Earth-spirit we find no trace in the later poem; though appearing only in the opening scene of the original poem, it was evidently intended by the poet that he should play a more important part; this is manifest from Faust's monologue in the wood; the exalted spirit there invoked is the Earth-spirit; he had bestowed upon Faust everything for which he had implored, had satisfied the very wish which, on his first appearance, he had refused. The Mephistopheles of the earlier poem is, moreover, no devil in the diabolical sense, such as is introduced in the prologue in heaven; he is a demon given as a companion to Faust by the Earth-spirit, whose commission he fulfils; this subordinate character of Mephistopheles appears also in the scene towards the conclusion of the first part, where Faust is hastening from the Brocken to deliver Gretchen. He may be regarded as the impersonation of that selfish egoism which sneers, in utter unbelief, at the higher aspirations of the human soul.

If we now turn to the prologue in heaven, with which, in the middle of the year 1797, Goethe began the recomposition of his work, we shall find in the words addressed by the Lord to Mephistopheles the fundamental theme of the new poem.

“Divert

This mortal spirit from his primal source;
Him canst thou seize, thy power exert,
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own,
A good man, in his darkest aberration,
Of the right path is conscious still.”

This theme, of everlasting interest, the probation, fall, and ultimate restoration of the struggling human soul, pervades the poem, underlying its varied and complicated elements. The insatiable thirst for knowledge had formed a characteristic feature of the mediæval Faust, the celestial voice, in Lessing's prologue, proclaiming to the devils, “Ye shall not prevail,” had stamped the thirst for truth as a divine, not a diabolical impulse: in the words above quoted, Goethe recognizes conscience as one of the deepest instincts of the human soul; the inward compass pointing to the True and Right, which, notwithstanding its aberrations, can never be ulti-

mately diverted from the pole. The varied energies, intellectual and moral, which are the birthright of humanity, can, however, only have free scope amid the manifold trials and temptations of this world; this thought necessitates the introduction of the tempter. Here Goethe returns to the popular tradition; Mephistopheles is introduced as Satan, who is permitted by the Lord of Heaven to endeavour to divert the spirit of Faust from its original source, and to lead it on the downward way.

Faust, baffled in his attempt to solve the problem of the universe, curses in his despair the lofty aspirations of his higher nature; he yields to the tempter and, in the vain desire to still the craving of his soul, plunges into the depths of sensual gratification. He is permanently lost, however, only on one condition; namely, the subjugation of the higher to the lower elements of his being, the permanent triumph of self-indulgence over aspiration and effort. Hence in Goethe's poem Faust's ultimate doom appears uncertain to the last, and not, as in the popular tradition, predetermined at the expiration of a given term. With regard to signing the compact with a drop of blood Goethe is careful sharply to define the difference between the popular tradition and his own poem. Here the compact is not fearful but absurd; its object being Faust's inmost nature, if he loses the wager he has lost himself, and all is over; it is ridiculous to promise with signature and seal that something shall happen which has already come to pass. When at the close of life he appears verbally to have lost the wager, he has in reality won it. His satisfaction consists, not in the gratification of his lower appetites, but in a nature elevated through the exercise of its noblest powers. He finds happiness in redeeming from the elements an extended region which, through his exertion, is transformed into a sphere for human activity and well-being.

He has found his true vocation in labouring for humanity, and in imagination contemplates with joy the harvest which he has sown, and which others will reap.

Mr. Lewes also recognizes "that the solution of the Faust problem is embodied in his dying speech: the toiling soul, after trying in various directions of *individual* effort and *individual* gratification, and finding therein no peace, is finally conducted to the recognition of the vital truth that man lives for man, and that only in as far as he is working for humanity, can his efforts bring permanent happi-

ness " Such a consummation is no triumph for the devil. Faust has won immortality, and is borne aloft by angels with the triumphant song:—

“ Saved is this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. Who ever
Strives forward with unswerving will,
Him can we aye deliver ;
And if with him celestial love
Hath taken part,—to meet him
Come down the angels from above ;
With cordial hail they greet him.”

THE INTERMEZZO.

[Page 150.]

As without some key this scene is utterly incomprehensible to the English reader, a brief notice of some of the allusions it contains is here subjoined; they are dwelt upon at greater length in Düntzer's work.

It may be regarded as a kind of satirical *jeu d'esprit*, and consists of a series of epigrams, directed against a variety of false tendencies in art, literature, religion, philosophy, and political life.

The introductory stanzas are founded upon the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Wieland's *Oberon*. To celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy king and queen a grotesque assemblage of figures appears upon the stage. Common-place musicians, and poetasters, having no conception that every poem must be an organic whole, are satirised as the bagpipe, the embryo spirit and the little pair. Then follows a series of epigrams, having reference to the plastic arts, and directed against that false pictism and affected purity which would take a narrow and one-sided view of artistical creations. Nicolai, the sworn enemy of ghosts and Jesuits, is introduced as the inquisitive traveller, and Stolberg, who severely criticised Schiller's poem, "The Gods of Greece," is alluded to in the couplet headed "Orthodox."

Hennings, the editor of two literary journals, entitled the *Musaget*, and the *Genius of the Age*, had attacked the *Xenien*, a series of epigrams, published jointly by Goethe and Schuler; Goethe, in retaliation, makes him confess his own unsuitness to be a leader of the Muses, and his readiness to assign a place on the German Parnassus to any one who was willing to bow to his authority.

Nicolai again appears as the inquisitive traveller, and Lavater is said to be alluded to as the crane. The metaphysical philosophers are next the objects of the poet's satire; allusion is made to the bitter hostility manifested by the contending schools, the characteristics of which are so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them here. The philosophers are succeeded by the politicians; "the knowing ones," who, in the midst of political revolutions, manage to keep in with the ruling party, are contrasted with those unfortunate individuals who are unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things. In revolutionary times also, parvenus are raised to positions of eminence, while worthless notabilities, deprived of their hereditary splendour, are unable to maintain their former dignified position. "The massive ones" typify the men of the revolution, the leaders of the people, who, heedless of intervening obstacles, march straight on to their destined goal. Puck and Ariel, who had introduced the shadowy procession, again make their appearance, and the fairy pageant vanishes into air.

What relation this fantastic assemblage bears to Faust is not immediately obvious, unless, indeed, as Düntzer suggests, the poet meant to shadow forth the various distractions with which Mephistopheles endeavours to dissipate the mind of Faust, who had turned with disgust from the witch-society of the Brocken.

DEDICATION.



Ye wavering shapes, again ye do enfold me,
As erst upon my troubled sight ye stole ;
Shall I this time attempt to clasp, to hold ye ?
Still for the fond illusion yearns my soul ?
Ye press around ! Come then, your captive hold me, 5
As upward from the vapoury mist ye roll ;
Within my breast youth's throbbing pulse is bounding,
Fann'd by the magic breath your march surrounding.
Shades fondly loved appear, your train attending,
And visions fair of many a blissful day ; 10
First-love and friendship their fond accents blending,
Like to some ancient, half-expiring lay ;
Sorrow revives, her wail of anguish sending
Back o'er life's devious labyrinthine way,
And names the dear ones, they whom Fate bereaving 15
Of life's fair hours, left me behind them grieving.
They hear me not my later cadence singing,
The souls to whom my earlier lays I sang ;
Dispersed the throng, their severed flight now winging :
Mute are the voices that responsive rang. 20
For stranger crowds the Orphean lyre now stringing,
E'en their applause is to my heart a pang ;
Of old who listened to my song, glad hearted,
If yet they live, now wander widely parted.
A yearning long unfelt, each impulse swaying, 25
To yon calm spirit-realm uplifts my soul ;
In faltering cadence, as when Zephyr playing,
Fans the Æolian harp, my numbers roll ;
Tear follows tear, my steadfast heart obeying
The tender impulse, loses its control ; 30
What I possess as from afar I see ;
Those I have lost become realities to me.

PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

Ye twain, in trouble and distress
True friends whom I so oft have found,
Say, for our scheme on German ground, 35
What prospect have we of success?
Fain would I please the public, win their thanks;
They live and let live, hence it is but meet.
The posts are now erected, and the planks,
And all look forward to a festal treat. 40
Their places taken, they, with eyebrows rais'd,
Sit patiently, and fain would be amaz'd.
I know the art to hit the public taste,
Yet ne'er of failure felt so keen a dread;
True, they are not accustomed to the best, 45
But then appalling the amount they've read.
How make our entertainment striking, now,
And yet significant and pleasing too?
For to be plain, I love to see the throng,
As to our booth the living tide progresses; 50
As wave on wave successive rolls along,
And through heaven's narrow portal forceful presses;
Still in broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,
With blows their way towards the box they take;
And, as for bread in famine, at the baker's door, 55
For tickets are content their necks to break.
Such various minds the bard alone can sway,
My friend, oh work this miracle to-day!

POET.

Oh of the motley throng speak not before me,
At whose aspect the spirit wings its flight! 60
Conceal the surging concourse, I implore thee,
Whose vortex draws us with resistless might.
No, to some peaceful heavenly nook restore me,
Where only for the hard blooms pure delight,

Where love and friendship yield their choicest blessing, 65
Our heart's true bliss, with god-like hand caressing.

What in the spirit's depths was there created,
What shyly there the lip shaped forth in sound;
A failure now, with words now fitly mated,
In the wild tumult of the hour is drown'd; 70
Full oft the poet's thought for years hath waited
Until at length with perfect form 'tis crowned;
What dazzles, for the moment born, must perish;
What genuine is posterity will cherish.

MERRYMAN.

This cant about posterity I hate; 75
About posterity were I to prate,
Who then the living would amuse? For they
Will have diversion, ay, and 'tis their due.
A sprightly fellow's presence at your play,
Methinks should also count for something too; 80
Whose genial wit the audience still inspires,
Knows from their changeful mood no angry feeling;
A wider circle he desires,
To their heart's depths more surely thus appealing.
To work, then! Give a master-piece, my friend; 85
Bring Fancy with her choral trains before us,
Sense, reason, feeling, passion, but attend!
Let folly also swell the tragic chorus.

MANAGER.

In chief, of incident enough prepare!
A show they want, they come to gape and stare. 90
Spin for their eyes abundant occupation,
So that the multitude may wondering gaze,
You by sheer bulk have won your reputation,
The man you are all love to praise.
By mass alone can you subdue the masses, 95
Each then selects in time what suits his bent.
Bring much, you something bring for various classes,
And from the house goes every one content.
You give a piece, abroad in pieces send it!
'Tis a ragout—success must needs attend it; 100
'Tis easy to serve up, as easy to invent.

A finish'd whole what boots it to present!
Full soon the public will in pieces rend it.

POET.

How mean such handicraft as this you cannot feel!
How it revolts the genuine artist's mind! 105
The sorry trash in which these coxcombs deal,
Is here approved on principle, I find.

MANAGER.

Such a reproof disturbs me not a whit!
Who on efficient work is bent,
Must choose the fittest instrument. 110
Consider! 'tis soft wood you have to split;
Think too for whom you write, I pray!
One comes to while an hour away;
One from the festive board, a sated guest;
Others, more dreaded than the rest, 115
From journal-reading hurry to the play.
As to a masquerade, with absent minds, they press,
Sheer curiosity their footsteps winging;
Ladies display their persons and their dress,
Actors unpaid their service bringing. 120
What dreams beguile you on your poet's height?
What puts a full house in a merry mood?
More closely view your patrons of the night!
The half are cold, the half are rude
One, the play over, craves a game of cards; 125
Another a wild night in wanton joy would spend.
Poor fools the muses' fair regards.
Why court for such a paltry end?
I tell you, give them more, still more, 'tis all I ask,
Thus you will ne'er stray widely from the goal; 130
Your audience seek to mystify, cajole;—
To satisfy them—that's a harder task.
What ails thee? art enraptured or distressed?

POET.

Depart! elsewhere another servant choose!
What! shall the bard his godlike power abuse? 135
Man's loftiest right, kind nature's high bequest,
For your mean purpose basely sport away?

Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast,
 Whence e'er the elements his sway,
 But from the harmony that, gushing from his soul, 140
 Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole?
 With careless hand when round her spindle, Nature
 Winds the interminable thread of life;
 When 'mid the clash of Being every creature
 • Mingles in harsh inextricable strife; 145
 Who deals their course unvaried till it falleth,
 In rhythmic flow to music's measur'd tone?
 Each solitary note whose genius calleth,
 To swell the mighty choir in unison?
 Who in the raging storm sees passion low'ring? 150
 Or flush of earnest thought in evening's glow?
 Who every blossom in sweet spring-time flowering
 Along the loved one's path would strow?
 Who, Nature's green familiar leaves entwining,
 Wreathes glory's garland, won on every field? 155
 Makes sure Olympus, heavenly powers combining?
 Man's mighty spirit, in the bard reveal'd!

MERRYMAN.

Come then, employ your lofty inspiration,
 And carry on the poet's avocation,
 Just as we carry on a love affair. 160
 Two meet by chance, are pleased, they linger there,
 Insensibly are link'd, they scarce know how;
 Fortune seems now propitious, adverse now,
 Then come alternate rapture and despair;
 And 'tis a true romance ere one's aware. 165
 Just such a drama let us now compose.
 Plunge boldly into life—its depths disclose!
 Each lives it, not to many is it known,
 'Twill interest wheresoever seiz'd and shown;
 Bright pictures, but obscure their meaning : 170
 A ray of truth through error gleaming,
 Thus you the best elixir brew,
 To charm mankind, and edify them too.
 Then youth's fair blossoms crowd to view your play,
 And wait as on an oracle; while they, 175
 The tender souls, who love the melting mood,

Suck from your work their melancholy food;
 Now this one, and now that, you deeply stir,
 Each sees the working of his heart laid bare.
 Their tears, their laughter, you command with ease, 180
 The lofty still they honour, the illusive love.
 Your finish'd gentlemen you ne'er can please;
 A growing mind alone will grateful prove.

POET.

Then give me back youth's golden prime,
 When my own spirit too was growing, 185
 When from my heart th' unbidden rhyme
 Gush'd forth, a fount for ever flowing;
 'Then shadowy mist the world conceal'd,
 And every bud sweet promise made,
 Of wonders yet to be reveal'd, 190
 As through the vales, with blooms inlaid,
 Culling a thousand flowers I stray'd.
 Naught had I, yet a rich profusion!
 The thirst for truth, joy in each fond illusion.
 Give me unquell'd those impulses to prove;— 195
 Rapture so deep, its ecstasy was pain,
 'The power of hate, the energy of love,
 Give me, oh give me back my youth again!

MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, you certainly require
 When foes in battle round are pressing, 200
 When a fair maid, her heart on fire,
 Hangs on your neck with fond caressing,
 When from afar, the victor's crown,
 'To reach the hard-won goal inciteth;
 When from the whirling dance, to drown 205
 Your sense, the night's carouse inviteth.
 But the familiar chords among
 Boldly to sweep, with graceful cunning,
 While to its goal, the verse along
 Its winding path is sweetly running; 210
 This task is yours, old gentlemen, to-day;
 Nor are you therefore less in reverence held;
 Age does not make us childish, as folk say,
 It finds us genuine children e'en in old.

MANAGER.

A truce to words, mere empty sound,	215
Let deeds at length appear, my friends!	
While idle compliments you round,	
You might achieve some useful ends.	
Why talk of the poetic vein?	
Who hesitates will never know it;	220
• If bards ye are, as ye maintain,	
Now let your inspiration show it.	
To you is known what we require,	
Strong drink to sip is our desire;	
Come, brew me such without delay!	225
To-morrow sees undone, what happens not to-day;	
Still forward press, nor ever tire!	
The possible, with steadfast trust,	
Resolve should by the forelock grasp;	
Then she will ne'er let go her clasp,	230
And labours on, because she must.	
On German boards, you're well aware,	
The taste of each may have full sway;	
Therefore in bringing out your play,	
Nor scenes nor mechanism spare!	235
Heaven's lamps employ, the greatest and the least,	
Be lavish of the stellar lights,	
Water, and fire, and rocky heights,	
Spare not at all, nor birds nor beast.	
Thus let creation's ample sphere	240
Forthwith in this our narrow booth appear,	
And with considerate speed, through fancy's spell,	
Journey from heaven, thence through the world, to hell!	

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE LORD. THE HEAVENLY HOSTS. *Afterwards*
MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun, in ancient guise, competing
With brother spheres in rival song,
With thunder-march, his orb completing,
Moves his predestin'd course along;
His aspect to the powers supernal 5
Gives strength, though fathom him none may;
Transcending thought, the works eternal
Are fair as on the primal day.

GABRIEL.

With speed, thought baffling, unabating,
Earth's splendour whirls in circling flight; 10
Its Eden-brightness alternating
With solemn, awe-inspiring night;
Ocean's broad waves in wild commotion,
Against the rocks' deep base are hurled;
And with the spheres, both rock and ocean 15
Eternally are swiftly whirled.

MICHAEL.

And tempests roar in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And raging form, without cessation,
A chain of wondrous agency; 20
Full in the thunder's path careering,
Flaring the swift destructions play;
But, Lord, Thy servants are revering
The mild procession of thy day.

THE THREE.

Thine aspect to the powers supernal 25
Gives strength, though fathom thee none may;
And all thy works, sublime, eternal,
Are fair as on the primal day.

PROLOGUE.

9

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, approachest us once more,
And how it fares with us, to ask art fain, 30
Since thou hast kindly welcom'd me of yore,
Thou see'stome also now among thy train.
Excuse me, fine harangues I cannot make,
Though all the circle look on me with scorn;
My pathos soon thy laughter would awake, 35
Hadst thou the laughing mood not long forsworn.
Of suns and worlds I nothing have to say,
I see alone mankind's self-torturing pains.
The little world-god still the self-same stamp retains,
And is as wondrous now as on the primal day. 40
Better he might have fared, poor wight,
Hadst thou not given him a gleam of heavenly light;
Reason he names it, and doth so
Use it, than brutes more brutish still to grow.
With deference to your grace, he seems to me 45
Like any long-legged grasshopper to be,
Which ever flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass its ancient ditty sings.
Would he but always in the grass repose!
In every heap of dung he thrusts his nose. 50

THE LORD.

Hast thou naught else to say? Is blame
In coming here, as ever, thy sole aim?
Does nothing on the earth to thee seem right?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things there, as ever, in sad plight.
Men, in their evil days, move my compassion; 55
Such sorry things to plague is nothing worth.

THE LORD.

Know'st thou my servant, Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor?

THE LORD.

Right.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He serves thee truly in a wondrous fashion.
 Poor fool! His food and drink are not of earth.
 An inward impulse hurries him afar, 60
 Himself half conscious of his frenzied mood;
 From heaven claimeth he the fairest star,
 And from the earth craves every highest good,
 And all that's near, and all that's far,
 Fails to allay the tumult in his blood. 65

THE LORD.

Though in perplexity he serves me now,
 I soon will lead him where more light appears;
 When buds the sapling, doth the gardener know
 That flowers and fruit will deck the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wilt thou wager? Him thou yet shall lose, 70
 If leave to me thou wilt but give,
 Gently to lead him as I choose!

THE LORD.

So long as he on earth doth live,
 So long 'tis not forbidden thee.
 Man still must err, while he doth strive. 75

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you; for not willingly
 I traffic with the dead, and still aver
 That youth's plump blooming cheek I very much prefer.
 I'm not at home to corpses; 'tis my way,
 Like cats with captive mice to toy and play. 80

THE LORD.

Enough! 'tis granted thee! Divert
 This mortal spirit from his primal source;
 Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert
 And lead him on thy downward course,
 Then stand abash'd, when thou perforce must own, 85
 A good man in his darkest aberration,
 Of the right path is conscious still.

PROLOGUE.

11

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis done! Full soon thou'lt see my exultation;
 As for my bet no fears I entertain.
 And if my end I finally should gain, 90
 Excuse my triumphing with all my soul.
 Dust he shall eat, ay, and with relish take,
 As did my cousin, the renowned snake.

THE LORD.

Here too thou'rt free to act without control;
 I ne'er have cherished hate for such as thee. 95
 Of all the spirits who deny,
 The scoffer is least wearisome to me.
 Ever too prone is man activity to shirk,
 In unconditioned rest he fain would live;
 Hence this companion purposely I give, 100
 Who stirs, excites, and must, as devil, work.
 But ye, the genuine sons of heaven, rejoice!
 In the full living beauty still rejoice!
 May that which works and lives, the ever-growing,
 In bonds of love enfold you, mercy-fraught, 105
 And Seeming's changeful forms, around you flowing,
 Do ye arrest, in ever-during thought, !
 (*Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The ancient one I like sometimes to see,
 And not to break with him am always civil;
 'Tis courteous in so great a lord as he, 110
 To speak so kindly even to the devil.

THE FIRST PART
OF
THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Characters in the Prologue for the Theatre.

THE MANAGER.
THE DRAMATIC POET.
MERRYMAN.

Characters in the Prologue in Heaven.

THE LORD.
RAPHAEL }
GABRIEL } The Heavenly Host.
MICHAEL }
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Characters in the Tragedy.

FAUST.
MEPHISTOPHELES
WAGNER, a Student.
MARGARET.
MARTHA, Margaret's Neighbour.
VALENTINE, Margaret's Brother.
OLD PEASANT.
A STUDENT.
ELIZABETH, an Acquaintance of Margaret's.
FIKOSCH }
BRANDER } Guests in Auerbach's Wine Cellar.
SIEBEL }
ALTMAYER }

Witches, old and young; Wizards, Will-o'-the-wisp, Witch Pedlar
Protophantasmist, Servibilis, Monkey, Spirits, Journeymen
Country-folk, Citizens, Beggar, Old Fortune-teller, Shepherd,
Soldier, Students, &c.

In the Intermezzo.

OBERON.
TITANIA.

ARIEL.
PUCK, &c. &c.

*Night.**A high vaulted narrow Gothic chamber.**FAUST, restless, seated at his desk.*

FAUST.

I have, alas ! Philosophy,
 Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
 And to my cost Theology,
 With ardent labour, studied through. 5
 And here I stand, with all my lore,
 Poor fool, no wiser than before.
 Magister, doctor styled, indeed,
 Already these ten years I lead,
 Up, down, across, and to and fro,
 My pupils by the nose,—and learn, 10
 That we in truth can nothing know !
 This in my heart like fire doth burn.
 'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
 Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe ;
 Scruple or doubt comes not to enthral me, 15
 Neither can devil nor hell now appal me—
 Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego !
 I may not pretend, aught rightly to know,
 I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
 A means to improve or convert mankind. 20
 Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
 No worldly honour, rank, or pleasure :
 No dog in such fashion would longer live !
 Therefore myself to magic I give,
 In hope, through spirit-voice and might, 25
 Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
 That I no more, with aching brow,
 Need speak of what I nothing know ;
 That I the force may recognise
 That binds creation's inmost energies ; 30
 Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,
 And fling the trade in empty words away.

O full-orb'd moon, did but thy rays
 Their last upon mine anguish gaze !
 Beside this desk, at dead of night, 85
 Oft have I watched to hail thy light :
 Then, pensive friend ! o'er book and scroll,
 With soothing power, thy radiance stole !
 In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
 Freely, some mountain height sublime, 40
 Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
 In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
 And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew
 My spirit, in thy healing dew !

Woo's me ! still prison'd in the gloom 45
 Of this abhorr'd and musty room !
 Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass,
 But dimly through the painted glass !
 Hemmed in by book-heaps, piled around,
 Worm-eaten, hid 'neath dust and mould, 50
 Which to the high vault's topmast bound,
 A smoke-stained paper cloth enfold ;
 With boxes round thee piled, and glass,
 And many a useless instrument,
 With old ancestral lumber blent— 55
 This is thy world ! a world ! alas !
 And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart,
 With tighten'd pressure in thy breast ?
 Why the dull ache will not depart,
 By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd ? 60
 Instead of nature's living sphere,
 Created for mankind of old,
 Brute skeletons surround thee here,
 And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.

Up ! Ferth into the distant land ! 65
 Is not this book of mystery
 By Nostradamus' proper hand,
 An all-sufficient guide ? Thou'lt see
 The courses of the stars unroll'd ;
 When nature doth her thoughts unfold 70
 To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
 Communion high with her to hold,

As spirit doth with spirit speak!
 Vain by dull poring to divine
 The meaning of each hallow'd sign. 75
 Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near;
 Make answer, if my voice ye hear!
 * (*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the
 Macrocosmos.*)

Ah! at this spectacle through every sense,
 What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
 I feel new rapture, hallow'd and intense, 80
 Through every nerve and vein with ardour glowing.
 Was it a god who character'd this scroll,
 The tumult in my spirit healing,
 O'er my sad heart with rapture stealing,
 And by a mystic impulse, to my soul, 85
 The powers of nature all around revealing.
 Am I a God? What light intense!
 In these pure symbols do I see,
 Nature exert her vital energy.
 Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense; 90
 "Unlock'd the spirit-world is lying,
 Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
 Up scholar, lave, with zeal undying,
 Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!"
 (*He contemplates the sign.*)

How all things live and work, and ever blending. 95
 Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!
 How powers celestial, rising and descending,
 Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
 Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
 From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing, 100
 Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing!

A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
 Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
 Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
 Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
 For solace yearns, ye still impart 106

Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?

(He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-spirit.)

How all unlike the influence of this sign!
Earth-spirit, thou to me art nigher, 110
E'en now my strength is rising higher,
E'en now I glow as with new wine;
Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
'The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
With storms to wrestle, brave the lightning's glare, 115
And mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp is quench'd—
Vapours are rising—Quiv'ring round my head 120
Flash the red beams—Down from the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror floats,
And seizes me!
I feel it, spirit, prayer-compell'd, 'tis thou
Art hovering near! 125
Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
Each sense, with eager palpitation,
Is strain'd to catch some new sensation!
I feel my heart surrender'd unto thee! 130
Thou must! Thou must! Though life should be the fee!
(He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the spirit. A ruddy flame flashes up; the spirit appears in the flame.)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST *(turning aside.)*

Dreadful shape!

SPIRIT.

With might,

Thou hast compell'd me to appear,
Long hast been sucking at my sphere,
And now—

FAUST.

Woe's me! I cannot bear thy sight! 135

SPIRIT.

To see me thou dost breathe thine invocation,
My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow;
Me doth thy strong entreaty bow—
Lo! I am here!—What cowering agitation
Grasps thee, the demigod! Where's now the soul's deep
cry? 140

Where is the breast, which in its depths a world con-
ceiv'd,

And bore and cherish'd? which, with ecstasy,
To rank itself with us, the spirits, heav'd?
Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I heard resound,
Who towards me press'd with energy profound? 145
Art thou he? Thou,—who by my breath art blighted,
Who, in his spirit's depths affrighted,
Trembles, a crush'd and writhing worm!

FAUST.

Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
Faust, and thine equal, I am he! 150

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave
With billowy motion!
Birth and the grave,
A limitless ocean, 155
A constant weaving
With change still rife,
A restless heaving,
A glowing life—
Thus time's whirling loom unceasing I ply, 160
And weave the life-garment of deity.

FAUST.

Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end
O'ersweep the world; how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit, thou dost comprehend,
Not me! • (Vanishes) 165

FAUST (*deeply moved*).

Not thee?

Whom then?

I, God's own image!

And not rank with thee!

(*A knock.*)

Oh death! I knew it—'tis my famulus—

170

My fairest fortune now escapes!

That all these visionary shapes

A soulless groveller should banish thus!

(*WAGNER in his dressing-gown and night-cap, a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round reluctantly.*)

WAGNER.

Pardon! I heard you here declaim;

A Grecian tragedy you doubtless read?

175

Improvement in this art is now my aim,

For now-a-days it much avails. Indeed

An actor, oft I've heard it said, as teacher,

May give instruction even to a preacher.

FAUST.

Ay, if your priest should be an actor too,

180

As not improbably may come to pass,

WAGNER.

When in his study pent the whole year through,

Man views the world, as through an optic glass,

On a chance holiday, and scarcely then,

How by persuasion can he govern men?

185

FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, if it doth not flow

Fresh from the spirit's depths, with strong control

Swaying to rapture every listener's soul,

Idle your toil; the chase you may forego!

Brood o'er your task! Together glue,

190

Cook from another's feast your own ragout,

Still prosecute your paltry game,

And fan your ash-heaps into flame!

Thus children's wonder you'll excite,

And apes', if such your appetite;

195

But that which issues from the heart alone,

Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

WAGNER.

The speaker in delivery will find
Success alone; I still am far behind.

FAUST.

A worthy object still pursue! 200
Be not a hollow tinkling fool!
Sound understanding, judgment true,
Find utterance without art or rule;
And when in earnest you are moved to speak,
Then is it needful cunning words to seek? 205
Your fine harangues, so polish'd in their kind,
Wherein the shreds of human thought ye twist,
Are unrefreshing as the empty wind,
Whistling through wither'd leaves and autumn mist!

WAGNER.

Oh God! How long is art, 210
Our life how short! With earnest zeal
Still as I ply the critic's task, I feel
A strange oppression both of head and heart.
The very means how hardly are they won,
By which we to the fountains rise! 215
And, haply, ere one half the course is run,
Check'd in his progress, the poor devil dies.

FAUST.

Parchment, is that the sacred fount whence roll •
Waters, he thirsteth not who once hath quaffed? 220
Oh, if it gush not from thine inmost soul,
Thou hast not won the life-restoring draught.

WAGNER.

Your pardon! 'tis delightful to transport
Oneself into the spirit of the past,
To see in times before us how a wise man thought,
And what a glorious height we have achieved at last. 225

FAUST.

Ay truly! even to the loftiest star!
To us, my friend, the ages that are pass'd
A book with seven seals, close-fasten'd, are;
And what the spirit of the times men call,

Is merely their own spirit after all, 230
 Wherein, distorted oft, the times are glass'd.
 Then truly, 'tis a sight to grieve the soul!
 At the first glance we fly it in dismay;
 A very lumber-room, a rubbish-hole;
 At best a sort of mock-heroic play, 235
 With saws pragmatical, and maxims sage,
 To suit the puppets and their mimic stage.

WAGNER.

But then the world and man, his heart and brain!
 'Touching these things all men would something know.

FAUST.

Ay! what 'mong men as knowledge doth obtain! 240
 Who on the child its true name daros bestow?
 The few who somewhat of these things have known,
 Who their full hearts unguardedly reveal'd,
 Nor thoughts, nor feelings, from the mob conceal'd,
 Have died on crosses, or in flames been thrown.— 245
 Excuse me, friend, far now the night is spent,
 For this time we must say adieu.

WAGNER.

Still to watch on I had been well content,
 Thus to converse so learnedly with you.
 But as to morrow will be Easter-day, 250
 Some further questions grant, I pray;
 With diligence to study still I fondly cling;
 Already I know much, but would know everything. (*Exit.*)

FAUST (*alone*).

How him alone all hope abandons never,
 To empty trash who clings, with zeal untired, 255
 With greed for treasure gropes, and, joy-inspir'd,
 Exults if earth-worms second his endeavour.
 And dare a voice of merely human birth,
 E'en here, where shapes immortal throng'd, intrude?
 Yet ah! thou poorest of the sons of earth, 260
 For once, I e'en to thee feel gratitude.
 Despair the power of sense did well-nigh blast,

And thou didst save me ere I sank dismay'd;
So giant-like the vision seem'd, so vast,
I felt myself shrink dwarf'd as I survey'd ! 265

I, God's own image, from this toil of clay
Already freed, with eager joy who hail'd
The mirror of eternal truth unveil'd,
Mid light effulgent and celestial day :—
I, more than cherub, whose unfetter'd soul 270
With penetrative glance aspir'd to flow
Through nature's veils, and, still creating, know
The life of gods,—how am I punish'd now !
One thunder-word hath hurl'd me from the goal !

Spirit ! I dare not lift me to thy sphere. 275
What though my power compell'd thee to appear,
My art was powerless to detain thee here.
In that great moment, rapture-fraught,
I felt myself so small, so great ;
Fiercely didst thrust me from the realm of thought
Back on humanity's uncertain fate ! 281
Who'll teach me now ? What ought I to forego ?
Ought I that impulse to obey ?
Alas ! our every deed, as well as every woe,
Impedes the tenor of life's onward way ! 285

E'en to the noblest by the soul conceiv'd,
Some feelings cling of baser quality ;
And when the goods of this world are achiev'd, •
Each nobler aim is term'd a cheat, a lie.
Our aspirations, our soul's genuine life, 290
Grow torpid in the din of earthly strife.

Though youthful phantasy, while hope inspires,
Stretch o'er the infinite her wing sublime,
A narrow compass limits her desires,
When wreck'd our fortunes in the gulf of time. 295
In the deep heart of man care builds her nest,
O'er secret woes she broodeth there,
Sleepless she rocks herself and scareth joy and rest ;
Still is she wont some new disguise to wear,
She may as house and court, as wife and child appear,
As dagger, poison, fire and flood ; 301

Imagined evils chill thy blood,
 And what thou ne'er shall lose, o'er that dost shed
 the tear.

I am not like the gods! Feel it I must;
 I'm like the earth-worm, writhing in the dust, 305
 Which, as on dust it feeds, its native fare,
 Crushed 'neath the passer's tread, lies buried there.

Is it not dust, wherewith this lofty wall,
 With hundred shelves, confines me round;
 Rubbish, in thousand shapes, may I not call 310
 What in this moth-world doth my being bound?
 Here, what doth fail me, shall I find?
 Read in a thousand tomes that, everywhere,
 Self-torture is the lot of human-kind,
 With but one mortal happy, here and there? 315
 Thou hollow skull, that grin, what should it say,
 But that thy brain, like mine, of old perplexed,
 Still yearning for the truth, hath sought the light of day,
 And in the twilight wander'd, sorely vexed?
 Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me,— 320
 With wheel, and cog, and ring, and cylinder;
 To nature's portals ye should be the key;
 Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts ye fail to stir.
 Inscrutable in broadest light,
 To be uncoil'd by force she doth refuse, 325
 What she reveals not to thy mental sight,
 Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with screws.
 Old useless furnitures, yet stand ye here,
 Because my sire ye served, now dead and gone.
 Old scroll, the smoke of years dost wear, 330
 So long as o'er this desk the sorry lamp hath shone.
 Better my little means have squandered quite away,
 Than burden'd by that little here to sweat and groan!
 Wouldst thou possess thy heritage, essay,
 By use to render it thine own! 335
 What we employ not, but impedes our way,
 That which the hour creates, that can it use alone!

But wherefore to yon spot is riveted my gaze?
 Is yonder flasket there a magnet to my sight?

Whence this mild radiance that around me plays, 340
As when, 'mid forest gloom, reigneth the moon's soft
light?

Hail, precious phial! • Thee, with reverent awe,
Down from ~~thine~~ old receptacle I draw!
Science in thee I hail and human art.
Essence of deadliest powers, refin'd and sure, 345
• Of soothing ~~anodynes~~ abstraction pure,
Now in thy master's need thy grace impart!
I gaze on thee, my pain is lull'd to rest;
I grasp thee, calm'd the tumult in my breast;
The flood-tide of my spirit ebbs away; 350
Onward I'm summon'd o'er a boundless main,
Calm at my feet expands the glassy plain,
To shores unknown allures a brighter day.

Lo, where a car of fire, on airy pinion,
Comes floating towards me! I'm prepar'd to fly 355
By a new track through ether's wide dominion,
To distant spheres of pure activity.
This life intense, this godlike ecstasy—
Worm that thou art such rapture canst thou earn?
Only resolve with courage stern and high, 360
Thy visage from the radiant sun to turn!
Dare with determin'd will to burst the portals
Past which in terror others fain would steal!
Now is the time, through deeds, to show that mortals
The calm sublimity of gods can feel; 365
To shudder not at yonder dark abyss,
Where phantasy creates her own self-torturing brood,
Right onward to the yawning gulf to press,
Around whose narrow jaws rolleth hell's fiery flood;
With glad resolve to take the fatal leap, 370
Though danger threaten thee, to sink in endless sleep!

Pure crystal goblet! forth I draw thee now,
From out thine antiquated case, where thou
Forgotten hast reposed for many a year!
Oft at my father's revels thou didst shine, 375
To glad the earnest guests was thine,
As each to other passed the generous cheer.
The gorgeous brede of figures, quaintly wrought,

Which he who quaff'd must first in rhyme expound,
 Then drain the goblet at one draught profound, 380
 Hath nights of boyhood to fond memory brought.
 I to my neighbour shall not reach thee now,
 Nor on thy rich device shall I my cunning show.
 Here is a juice, makes drunk without delay;
 Its dark brown flood thy crystal round doth fill; 385
 Let this last draught, the product of my skill,
 My own free choice, be quaff'd with resolute will,
 A solemn festive greeting, to the coming day!

(He places the goblet to his mouth.)
(The ringing of bells, and choral voices.)

Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
 Mortal, all hail to thee, 390
 Thou whom mortality,
 Earth's sad reality,
 Held as in prison.

FAUST.

What hum melodious, what clear silvery chime,
 Thus draws the goblet from my lips away? 395
 Ye deep-ton'd bells, do ye with voice sublime,
 Announce the solemn dawn of Easter-day?
 Sweet choir! are ye the hymn of comfort singing,
 Which once around the darkness of the grave,
 From seraph-voices, in glad triumph ringing, 400
 Of a new covenant assurance gave?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We, his true-hearted,
 With spices and myrrh,
 Embalmed the departed,
 And swathed him with care; 405
 Here we conveyed Him,
 Our Master, so dear;
 Alas! Where we laid Him,
 The Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen! 410
 Blessèd the loving one,

Who from earth's trial throes,
Healing and strengthening woes,
Soars as from prison.

FAUST.

Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong, 415
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among,
The message well I hear, my faith alone is weak;
From faith her darling, miracle, hath sprung.
Aloft to yonder spheres I dare not soar, 420
Whence sound the tidings of great joy;
And yet, with this sweet strain familiar when a boy,
Back it recallesh me to life once more.
Then would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour, 425
While, fraught with solemn meaning and mysterious
power,
Chim'd the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss;
A yearning impulse, undefin'd yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear, 430
I felt with holy joy a world reveal'd.
Gay sports and festive hours proclaimed with joyous
pealing,
This Easter hymn in days of old;
And fond remembrance now, doth me, with childlike
feeling,
Back from the last, the solemn step, withhold. 435
O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain!
The tear-drop flows,—Earth, I am thine again!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

He whom we mourned as dead,
Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled, 440
O'er death victorious;
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers;
Ah! Him on earth we miss;
Sorrow and grief are ours. 445
Yearning he left his own,

Mid sore annoy ;
 Ah ! we must needs bemoan,
 Master, thy joy !

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen, 450
 Redeem'd from decay.
 The bonds which imprison
 Your souls, rend away !
 Praising the Lord with zeal,
 By deeds that love reveal, 455
 Like brethren true and leal
 Sharing the daily meal,
 To all that sorrow feel
 Whisp'ring of heaven's weal,
 Still is the master near, 460
 Still is he here !

BEFORE THE GATE.

Promenaders of all sorts pass out.

ARTISANS.

Why choose ye that direction, pray ?

OTHERS.

To the hunting-lodge we're on our way.

THE FIRST.

We towards the mill are strolling on.

A MECHANIC.

A walk to Wasserhof were best. 465

A SECOND.

The road is not a pleasant one.

THE OTHERS.

What will you do ?

A THIRD.

I'll join the rest.

A FOURTH.

Let's up to Burghof, there you'll find good cheer,
 The prettiest maidens and the best of beer,
 And brawls of a prime sort.

A FIFTH.

You scapegrace! How; 470
Your skin still itching for a row?
Thither I will not go, I loathe the place.

• SERVANT GIRL.

No, no! I to the town my steps retrace.

• ANOTHER.

Near yonder poplars he is sure to be.

• THE FIRST.

And if he is, what matters it to me! 475
With you he'll walk, he'll dance with none but you,
And with your pleasures what have I to do?

THE SECOND.

To-day he will not be alone, he said
His friend would be with him, the curly-head.

STUDENT.

Why how those buxom girls step on! 480
Come, brother, we will follow them anon.
Strong beer, a damsel smartly dress'd,
Stinging tobacco,—these I love the best.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Look at those handsome fellows there!
'Tis really shameful, I declare, 485
The very best society they shun,
After those servant-girls forsooth, to run.

• SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*).

Not quite so fast! for in our rear,
Two girls, well-dress'd, are drawing near;
Not far from us the one doth dwell, 490
And sooth to say, I like her well.
They walk demurely, yet you'll see,
That they will let us join them presently.

THE FIRST.

Not I! restraints of all kinds I detest.
Quick! let us catch the wild-game ere it flies, 495
The hand on Saturday the mop that plies,
Will on the Sunday fondle you the best.

BURGHER.

No, this new Burgomaster, I like him not, God knows,
 Now he's in office, daily more arrogant he grows;
 And for the town, what doth he do for it? 500
 Are not things worse from day to day?
 To more restraints we must submit;
 And taxes more than ever pay.

BEGGAR (*sings*).

Kind gentlemen and ladies fair,
 So rosy-cheek'd and trimly dress'd, 505
 Be pleas'd to listen to my prayer,
 Relieve and pity the distress'd.
 Let me not vainly sing my lay!
 His heart's most glad whose hand is free.
 Now when all men keep holiday, 510
 Should be a harvest-day to me.

ANOTHER BURGHER.

On holidays and Sundays naught know I more inviting
 Than chatting about war and war's alarms,
 When folk in Turkey, up in arms,
 Far off, are 'gainst each other fighting. 515
 We at the window stand, our glasses drain,
 And watch adown the stream the painted vessels gliding,
 Then joyful we at eve come home again,
 And peaceful times we bless, peace long-abiding.

THIRD BURGHER.

Ay, neighbour! So let matters stand for me! 520
 There they may scatter one another's brains,
 And wild confusion round them see—
 So here at home in quiet all remains!

OLD WOMAN (*to the BURGHERS' DAUGHTERS*).

Heyday! How smart! The fresh young blood!
 Who would not fall in love with you? 525
 Not quite so proud! 'Tis well and good!
 And what you wish, that I could help you to.

BURGHER'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha! I care not to be seen
 Walking in public, with these witches. True.

FAUST.

31

My future lover, last St. Andrew's E'en, 530
In flesh and blood she brought before my view.

ANOTHER.

And mine she show'd me also in the glass,
A soldier's figure, with companions bold :
I look around, I seek him as I pass,
In vain, his form I nowhere can behold. 535

SOLDIERS.

Fortress with turrets
And walls high in air,
Damsel disdainful,
Haughty and fair,
These be my prey ! 540
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay !

Hark how the trumpet
Thither doth call us,
Where either pleasure 545
Or death may befall us.
Hail to the tumult !
Life's in the field !
Damsel and fortress
To us must yield. 550
Bold is the venture,
Costly the pay !
Gaily the soldier
Marches away.

FAUST and WAGNER.

FAUST.

Loosed from their fetters are streams and rills 555
Through the gracious spring-tide's all-quickenning glow ;
Hope's budding joy in the vale doth blow ;
Old Winter back to the savage hills
Withdraweth his force, decrepid now.
Thence only impotent icy grains 560
Scatters he as he wings his flight,
Striping with sleet the verdant plains ;
But the sun endureth no trace of white ;

Everywhere growth and movement are rife,
 All things investing with hues of life; 565
 Though flowers are lacking, varied of dye,
 Their colours the motley throng supply.
 Turn thee around, and from this height,
 Back to the town direct thy sight.
 Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate, 570
 Stream forth the masses, in bright array.
 Gladly seek they the sun to-day;
 The Lord's Resurrection they celebrate:
 For they themselves have risen, with joy,
 From tenement sordid, from cheerless room, 575
 From bonds of toil, from care and annoy,
 From gable and roof's o'er-hanging gloom,
 From crowded alley and narrow street,
 And from the churches' awe-breathing night,
 All now have come forth into the light. 580
 Look, only look, on nimble feet,
 Through garden and field how spread the throng,
 How o'er the river's ample sheet,
 Many a gay wherry glides along;
 And see, deep sinking in the tide, 585
 Pushes the last boat now away.
 E'en from yon far hill's path-worn side,
 Flash the bright hues of garments gay.
 Hark! Sounds of village mirth arise;
 This is the people's paradise. 590
 Both great and small send up a cheer;
 Here am I man, I feel it here.

WAGNER.

Sir Doctor, in a walk with you
 There's honour and instruction too;
 Yet here alone I care not to resort, 595
 Because I coarseness hate of every sort.
 This fiddling, shouting, skittling, I detest;
 I hate the tumult of the vulgar throng;
 They roar as by the evil one possess'd,
 And call it pleasure, call it song. 600

PEASANTS (*under the linden-tree*).

Dance and song.

The shepherd for the dance was dress'd,
With ribbon, wreath, and coloured vest,
A gallant show displaying.
And round about the linden-tree,
They footed it right merrily. 605

Juchhe! Juchhe!

Juchheisa! Heisa! He!

So fiddle-bow was braying.
Our swain amidst the circle press'd,
He push'd a maiden trimly dress'd, 610
And jogg'd her with his elbow;
The buxom damsel turn'd her head,
"Now that's a stupid trick!" she said,

Juchhe! Juchhe!

Juchheisa! Heisa! He! 615

Don't be so rude, good fellow!
Swift in the circle they advanced,
They danced to right, to left they danced,
And all the skirts were swinging.
And they grew red, and they grew warm, 620
Panting, they rested arm in arm,

Juchhe! Juchhe!

Juchheisa! Heisa! He!

To hip their elbow bringing.
Don't make so free! How many a maid 625
Has been betroth'd and then betray'd;
And has repented after!

Yet still he flatter'd her aside,
And from the linden, far and wide,

Juchhe! Juchhe! 630

Juchheisa! Heisa! He!

Rang fiddle-bow and laughter.

OLD PEASANT.

Doctor, 'tis really kind of you,
To condescend to come this way,
A highly learned man like you, 635
To join our mirthful throng to-day.

Our fairest cup I offer you,
Which we with sparkling drink have crown'd,
And pledging you, I pray aloud,
That every drop within its round, 640
While it your present thirst allays,
May swell the number of your days

FAUST.

I take the cup you kindly reach,
Thanks and prosperity to each!
(*The crowd gather round in a circle.*) *

OLD PEASANT.

Ay, truly! 'tis well done, that you 645
Our festive meeting thus attend;
You, who in evil days of yore,
So often show'd yourself our friend!
I'll many a one stands living here,
Who from the fever's deadly blast, 650
Your father rescu'd, when his skill
The fatal sickness stay'd at last.
A young man then, each house you sought,
Where reign'd the mortal pestilence.
Corpse after corpse was carried forth, 655
But still unscath'd you issued thenceo.
Sore then your trials and severe;
The Helper yonder aids the helper here.

ALL.

Heaven bless the trusty friend, and long
To help the poor his life prolong! 660

FAUST.

To Him above in homage bend,
Who prompts the helper and Who help doth send.
(*He proceeds with WAGNER.*)

WAGNER.

What feelings, great man, must thy breast inspire,
At homage paid thee by this crowd! Thrice blest
Who from the gifts by him possessed 665
Such benefit can draw! The sire
Thee to his boy with reverence shows;
They press around, inquire, advance,

Push'd is the fiddle, check'd the dance.
Where thou dost pass they stand in rows, 670
And each aloft his bonnet throws,
But little fails and they to thee,
As though the Host came by, would bend the knee.

FAUST.

A few steps further, up to yonder stone!
Here rest we from our walk. In times long past, 675
Absorb'd in thought, here oft I sat alone,
And disciplin'd myself with prayer and fast.
Then rich in hope, with faith sincere,
With sighs, and hands in anguish press'd,
The end of that sore plague, with many a tear, 680
From heaven's dread Lord, I sought to wrest.
The crowd's applause assumes a scornful tone.
Oh, could'st thou in my inner being read,
How little either sire or son,
Of such renown deserves the meed! 685
My sire, of good repute, and sombre mood,
O'er nature's powers and every mystic zone,
With honest zeal, but methods of his own,
With toil fantastic loved to brood;
His time in dark alchemic cell, 690
With brother adepts he would spend,
And there antagonists compel,
Through numberless receipts to blend.
A ruddy lion there, a suitor bold,
In tepid bath was with the lily wed. 695
Thence both, while open flames around them roll'd,
Were tortur'd to another bridal bed.
Was then the youthful queen desiered
With varied colours in the flask;—
This was our medicine; the patients died, 700
"Who were restored?" none cared to ask.
With our infernal mixture thus, ere long,
These hills and peaceful vales among,
We rag'd more fiercely than the pest;
Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give; 705
They pined away, I yet must live,
To hear the reckless murderers blest.

WAGNER.

Why let this thought your soul o'ercast?
 Can man do more than with nice skill,
 With firm and conscientious will, 710
 Practise the art transmitted from the past? •
 If thou thy sire dost honour in thy youth,
 His lore thou gladly wilt receive;
 In manhood, dost thou spread the bounds of truth,
 Then may thy son a higher goal achieve. 715

FAUST.

How blest, in whom the foud desire
 From error's sea to rise, hope still renews!
 What a man knows not, that he doth require,
 And what he knoweth, that he cannot use.
 But let not moody thoughts their shadow throw 720
 O'er the calm beauty of this hour serene!
 In the rich sunset see how brightly glow
 Yon cottage homes, girt round with verdant green!
 Slow sinks the orb, the day is now no more;
 Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life. 725
 Oh for a pinion from the earth to soar,
 And after, ever after him to strive!
 Then should I see the world below,
 Bathed in the deathless evening-beams,
 The vales reposing, every height a-glow, 730
 The silver brooklets meeting golden streams.
 The savage mountain, with its cavern'd side,
 Bars not my godlike progress. Lo, the ocean,
 Its warm bays heaving with a tranquil motion,
 To my rapt vision opes its ample tide! 735
 But now at length the god appears to sink;
 A new-born impulse wings my flight,
 Onward I press, his quenchless light to drink,
 The day before me, and behind the night,
 The pathless waves beneath, and over me the skies. 740
 Fair dream, it vanish'd with the parting day! •
 Alas! that when on spirit-wing we rise,
 No wing material lifts our mortal clay.
 But 'tis our inborn impulse, deep and strong,
 Upwards and onwards still to urge our flight, 745

When far above us pours its thrilling song
The sky-lark, lost in azure light,
When on extended wing amain
O'er pine-crown'd height the eagle soars,
And over moor and lake, the crane
Still striveth towards its native shores. 750

WAGNER.

To strange conceits oft I myself must own,
But impulse such as this I ne'er have known :
Nor woods, nor fields, can long our thoughts engage,
Their wings I envy not the feather'd kind ; 755
Far otherwise the pleasures of the mind,
Bear us from book to book, from page to page !
Then winter nights grow cheerful ; keen delight
Warms every limb ; and ah ! when we unroll
Some old and precious parchment, at the sight 760
All heaven itself descends upon the soul.

FAUST.

Thy heart by one sole impulse is possess'd ;
Unconscious of the other still remain !
Two souls, alas ! are lodg'd within my breast,
Which struggle there for undivided reign : 765
One to the world, with obstinate desire,
And closely-cleaving organs, still adheres ;
Above the mist, the other doth aspire,
With sacred vehemence, to purer spheres.
Oh, are there spirits in the air, 770
Who float 'twixt heaven and earth dominion wielding,
Stoop hither from your golden atmosphere,
Lead me to scenes, new life and fuller yielding !
A magic mantle did I but possess,
Abroad to waft me as on viewless wings, 775
I'd prize it far beyond the costliest dress,
Nor would I change it for the robe of kings.

WAGNER.

Call not the spirits who on mischief wait !
Their troop familiar, streaming through the air,
From every quarter threaten man's estate, 780
And danger in a thousand forms prepare !

They drive impetuous from the frozen north,
 With fangs sharp-piercing, and keen arrowy tongues;
 From the ungenial east they issue forth,
 And prey, with parching breath, upon thy lungs; 785
 If, wafted on the desert's flaming wing,
 They from the south heap fire upon the brain,
 Refreshment from the west at first they bring,
 Anon to drown thyself and field and plain.
 In wait for mischief, they are prompt to hear; 790
 With guileful purpose our behests obey;
 Like ministers of grace they oft appear,
 And lisp like angels, to betray.
 But let us hence! Grey eve doth all things blend,
 The air grows chill, the mists descend! 795
 'Tis in the evening first our home we prize—
 Why stand you thus, and gaze with wondering eyes?
 What in the gloom thus moves you?

FAUST.

Yon black hound
 See'st thou, through corn and stubble scampering round?

WAGNER.

I've mark'd him long, naught strange in him I see! 800

FAUST.

Note him! What takest thou the brute to be?

WAGNER.

But for a poodle, whom his instinct serves
 His master's track to find once more.

FAUST.

Dost mark how round us, with wide spiral curves,
 He wheels, each circle closer than before? 805
 And, if I err not, he appears to me
 A line of fire upon his track to leave.

WAGNER.

Naught but a poodle black of hue I see;
 'Tis some illusion doth your sight deceive.

FAUST.

Methinks a magic coil our feet around, 810
 He for a future snare doth lightly spread.



WAGNER.

Around us as in doubt I see him shyly bound,
Since he two 'strangers seeth in his master's stead.

FAUST.

The circle narrows, he's already near !

WAGNER.

A dog dost see, no spectre have we here ; 815
He growls, doubts, lays him on his belly too,
And wags his tail—as dogs are wont to do.

FAUST.

Come hither, Sirrah ! join our company ! !

WAGNER.

A very poodle, he appears to be !
Thou standest still, for thee he'll wait ; 820
Thou speak'st to him, he fawns upon thee straight ;
Aught thou mayst lose, again he'll bring,
And for thy stick will into water spring.

FAUST.

Thou'rt right indeed ; no traces now I see
Whatever of a spirit's agency. 825
'Tis training—nothing more.

WAGNER.

A dog well taught
E'en by the wisest of us may be sought.
Ay, to your favour he's entitled too,
Apt scholar of the students, 'tis his due !
(*They enter the gate of the town.*)

Study.

FAUST, [*entering with the poodle*].

Now field and meadow I've forsaken ; 830
O'er them deep night her veil doth draw ;
In us the better soul doth waken,
With feelings of foreboding awe.
All-lawless promptings, deeds unholy,
Now slumber, and all wild desires ; 835
The love of man doth sway us wholly,
And love to God the soul inspires.

Peace, poodle, peace! Scamper not thus; obey me!
 Why at the threshold snuffest thou so?
 Behind the stove now quietly lay thee, 840
 My softest cushion to thee I'll throw.
 As thou, without, didst please and amuse me,
 Running and frisking about on the hill,
 So tendance now I will not refuse thee;
 A welcome guest, if thou'lt be still. 845

Ah! when the friendly taper gloweth,
 Once more within our narrow cell,
 Then in the heart itself that knoweth,
 A light the darkness doth dispel.
 Reason her voice resumes; returneth 850
 Hope's gracious bloom, with promise rife;
 For streams of life the spirit yearneth,
 Ah! for the very fount of life.

Poodle, snarl not! with the tone that arises,
 Hallow'd and peaceful, my soul within, 855
 Accords not thy growl, thy bestial din.
 We find it not strange, that man despises
 What he conceives not;
 That he the good and fair misprizes—
 Finding them often beyond his ken; 860
 Will the dog snarl at them like men?

But ah! Despite my will, it stands confessed,
 Contentment welleteth up no longer in my breast.
 Yet wherefore must the stream, alas, so soon be dry,
 That we once more athirst should lie? 865
 Full oft this sad experience hath been mine;
 Nathless the want admits of compensation;
 For things above the earth we learn to pine,
 Our spirits yearn for revelation,
 Which nowhere burns with purer beauty blent, 870
 Than here in the New Testament.
 To ope the ancient text an impulse strong
 Impels me, and its sacred lore,
 With honest purpose to explore,
 And render into my loved German tongue. 875
(He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.)

"Tis writ, "In the beginning was the Word!"
 I pause, perplex'd! Who now will help afford?
 I cannot the mere Word so highly prize;
 I must translate it otherwise,
 If by the spirit guided as I read. 880
 "In the beginning was the Sense!" Take heed,
 The import of this primal sentence weigh,
 Lest thy too hasty pen be led astray!
 Is force creative then of Sense the dower?
 "In the beginning was the Power!" 885
 Thus should it stand: yet, while the line I trace,
 A something warns me, once more to efface.
 The spirit aids! from anxious scruples freed,
 I write, "In the beginning was the Deed!"

Am I with thee my room to share, 890
 Poodle, thy barking now forbear,
 Forbear thy howling!

Comrade so noisy, ever growling,
 I cannot suffer here to dwell.
 One or the other, mark me well, 895
 Forthwith must leave the cell.

I'm loath the guest-right to withhold;
 The door's ajar, the passage clear;
 But what must now mine eyes behold!
 Are nature's laws suspended here? 900
 Real is it, or a phantom show?

In length and breadth how doth my poodle grow!
 He lifts himself with threat'ning mien,
 In likeness of a dog no longer seen!
 What spectre have I harbour'd thus! 905

Huge as a hippopotamus,
 With fiery eye, terrific tooth!
 Ah! now I know thee, sure enough!
 For such a base, half-hellish brood,
 The key of Solomon is good. 910

SPIRITS (*without*).

Captur'd there within is one!
 Stay without and follow none!
 Like a fox in iron snare,
 Hell's old lynx is quaking there,

But take heed! 915
 Hover round, above, below,
 To and fro,
 Then from durance is he freed!
 Can ye aid him, spirits all,
 Leave him not in mortal thrall! 920
 Many a time and oft hath he
 Served us, when at liberty.

FAUST.

The monster to confront, at first,
 The spell of Four must be rehears'd;
 Salamander shall kindle, 925
 Writhe nymph of the wave,
 In air sylph shall dwindle,
 And Kobold shall slave.

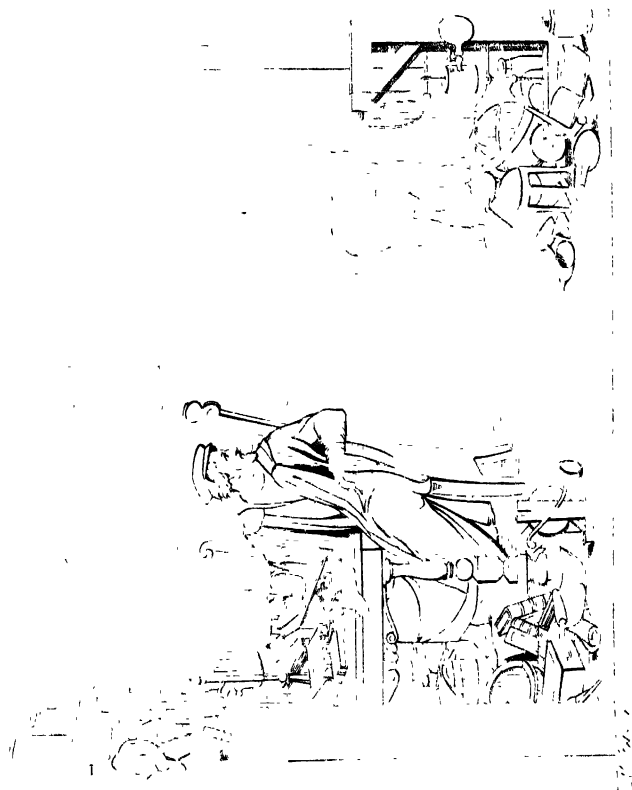
Who doth ignore
 The primal Four, 930
 Nor knows aright
 Their use and might,
 O'er spirits will he
 Ne'er master be!

Vanish in the fiery glow, 935
 Salamander!
 Rushingly together flow,
 Undine!

Shimmer in the meteor's gleam,
 Sylphide! 940
 Hither bring thine homely aid,
 Incubus! Incubus!
 Step forth! I do adjuro thee thus!

None of the Four
 Lurks in the beast: 945
 He grins at me, untroubled as before;
 I have not hurt him in the least.
 A spell of fear
 Thou now shalt hear.

Art thou, comrade fell, 950
 Fugitive from Hell?
 See then this sign,



Before which incline
The murky troops of Hell !
With bristling hair now doth the creature swell. 955
Canst thou, reprobate,
Read the uncreate,
Unspeakable, diffused
Throughout the heavenly sphere,
Shamefully abused, 960
Transpierced with nail and spear !
Behind the stove, tam'd by my spells,
Like an elephant he swells ;
Wholly now he fills the room,
He into mist will melt away. 965
Ascend not to the ceiling ! Come,
Thyself at the master's feet now lay !
Thou seest that mine is no idle threat.
With holy fire I will scorch thee yet !
Wait not the might 970
That lies in the triple-glowing light !
Wait not the might
Of all my arts in fullest measure !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(As the mist sinks, comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling scholar.)

Why all this uproar ? What's the master's pleasure ?

FAUST.

This then the kernel of the brute ! 975
A travelling scholar ? Why I needs must smile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your learned reverence humbly I salute !
You've made me swelter in a pretty style.

FAUST.

Thy name ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

• The question trifling seems from one,
Who it appears the Word doth rate so low ; 980
Who, undeluded by mere outward show,
To Being's depths would penetrate alone.

FAUST.

With gentlemen like you indeed
 The inward essence from the name we read,
 As all too plainly it doth appear, 985
 When Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar, meets the ear.
 Who then art thou !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that power which still
 Produceth good, whilst ever scheming ill.

FAUST.

What hidden mystery in this riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The spirit I, which evermore denies ! 990
 And justly ; for whate'er to light is brought
 Deserves again to be reduced to naught ;
 Then better 'twere that naught should be.
 Thus all the elements which ye
 Destruction, Sin, or briefly, Evil, name, 995
 As my peculiar element I claim.

FAUST.

Thou nam'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The modest truth I speak to thee.
 Though folly's microcosm, man, it seems,
 Himself to be a perfect whole esteems, 1000
 Part of the part am I, which at the first was all,
 A part of darkness, which gave birth to light.
 Proud light, who now his mother would enthrall,
 Contesting space and ancient rank with night.
 Yet he succeedeth not, for struggle as he will, 1005
 To forms material he adhereth still ;
 From them he streameth, them he maketh fair,
 And still the progress of his beams they check ;
 And so, I trust, when comes the final wreck,
 Light will, ere long, the doom of matter share. • 1010

FAUST.

Thy worthy avocation now I guess !

Wholesale annihilation won't prevail,
So thou'rt beginning on a smaller scale.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And, to say truth, as yet with small success.
Oppos'd to naught, this clumsy world, 1015
The something—it subsisteth still;
Not yet is it to ruin hurl'd,
Despite the efforts of my will.
Tempests and earthquakes, fire and flood, I've tried;
Yet land and ocean still unchang'd abide! 1020
And then of humankind and beasts, the accursed brood,—
Neither o'er them can I extend my sway.
What countless myriads have I swept away!
Yet ever circulates the fresh young blood.
It is enough to drive me to despair! 1025
As in the earth, in water, and in air,
A thousand germs burst forth spontaneously;
In moisture, drought, heat, cold, they still appear!
Had I not flame selected as my sphere,
Nothing apart had been reserved for me. 1030

FAUST.

So thou with thy cold devil's fist,
Still clench'd in malice impotent,
Dost the creative power resist,
The active, the beneficent!
Henceforth some other task essay, 1035
Of Chaos thou the wondrous son!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will consider what you say,
And talk about it more anon!
For this time have I leave to go?

FAUST.

Why thou shouldst ask, I cannot see. 1040
Since thee I now have learned to know,
At thy good pleasure, visit me.
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney, too, may serve thy need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must confess, my stepping o'er 1045

Thy threshold a slight hindrance doth impede;
The wizard-foot doth me retain.

FAUST.

The pentagram thy peace doth mar?
To me, thou son of hell, explain,
How camest thou in, if this thing exit bar? 1050
Could such a spirit aught ensnare?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well, it is not drawn with care,
One of the angles, that which points without,
Is, as thou seest, not quite closed.

FAUST.

Chance hath the matter happily dispos'd ! 1055
So thou my captive art? No doubt !
By accident thou thus art caught !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sprang the dog, indeed, observing naught;
Things now assume another shape,
The devil's in the house and can't escape. 1060

FAUST.

Why through the window not withdraw?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For ghosts and for the devil 'tis a law,
Where they stole in, there they must forth. We're free
The first to choose; as to the second, slaves are we.

FAUST.

E'en hell hath its peculiar laws, I see ! 1065
I'm glad of that ! a pact may then be made,
The which, you gentlemen, will surely keep?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er therein is promised thou shalt reap,
No tittle shall remain unpaid.
But such arrangements time require; 1070
We'll speak of them when next we meet;
Most earnestly I now entreat,
This once permission to retire.

FAUST.

Another moment prithee here remain,
Me with some happy word to pleasure. 1075

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now let me go! ere long I'll come again,
Then thou may'st question at thy leisure.

FAUST.

'Twas not my purpose thee to lime;
The snare hast entered of thine own free will:
Let him who holds the devil, hold him still! 1080
So soon he'll catch him not a second time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If it so please thee, I'm at thy command;
Only on this condition, understand;
That worthily thy leisure to beguile,
I here may exercise my arts awhile, 1085

FAUST.

Thou'rt free to do so! Gladly I'll attend;
But be thine art a pleasant one!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend,

This hour enjoyment more intense,
Shall captivate each ravish'd sense,
Than thou could'st compass in the bound 1090
Of the whole year's unvarying round;
And what the dainty spirits sing,
The lovely images they bring,
Are no fantastic sorcery.
Rich odours shall regale your smell, 1095
On choicest sweets your palate dwell,
Your feelings thrill with ecstasy.
No preparation do we need,
Here we together are. Proceed

SPIRITS.

Hence overshadowing gloom 1100
Vanish from sight!
O'er us thine azure dome,
Bend, beauteous light!

Dark clouds that o'er us spread,
Melt in thin air ! 1105
Stars, your soft radiance shed,
Tender and fair.
Girt with celestial might,
Winging their airy flight,
Spirits are thronging. 1110
Follows their forms of light
Infinite longing !
Flutter their vestures bright
O'er field and grove !
Where in their leafy bower 1115
Lovers the livelong hour
Vow deathless love.
Soft bloometh bud and bower !
Bloometh the grove !
Grapes from the spreading vine 1120
Crown the full measure ;
Fountains of foaming wine
Gush from the pressure.
Still where the currents wind,
Gems brightly gleam. 1125
Leaving the hills behind
On rolls the stream ;
Now into ample seas,
Spreadeth the flood ;
Laving the sunny leas, 1130
Mantled with wood.
Rapture the feather'd throng,
Gaily careering,
Sip as they float along ;
Sunward they're steering ; 1135
On towards the isles of light
Winging their way,
That on the waters bright
Dancingly play.
Hark to the choral strain, 1140
Joyfully ringing !
While on the grassy plain
Dancers are springing ;
Climbing the steep hill's side,



Skimming the glassy tide, 1145
 Wander they there;
 Others on pinions wide
 Wing the blue air;
 All lifeward tending, upward still wending,
 Towards yonder stars that gleam, 1150
 Far, far above;
 Stars from whose tender beam
 Rains blissful love.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well done, my dainty spirits! now he slumbers!
 Ye have entranc'd him fairly with your numbers! 1155
 This minstrelsy of yours I must repay.—
 Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil fast!—
 With fairest shapes your spells around him cast,
 And plunge him in a sea of dreams!
 But that this charm be rent, the threshold passed, 1160
 Tooth of rat the way must clear.
 I need not conjure long it seems,
 One rustles hitherward, and soon my voice will hear.
 The master of the rats and mice,
 Of flies and frogs, of bugs and lice, 1165
 Commands thy presence; without fear
 Come forth and gnaw the threshold here,
 Where he with oil has smear'd it.—Thou
 Com'st hopping forth already! Now
 To work! The point that holds me bound 1170
 Is in the outer angle found.
 Another bite—so—now 'tis done—
 Now, Faustus, till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST (*awaking*).

Am I once more deluded! must I deem
 That thus the throng of spirits disappear? 1175
 The devil's presence, was it but a dream?
 Hath but a poodle scap'd and left me here?

Study.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I!

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice be the words express'd.

FAUST.

Then I repeat, Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well,

1180

I hope that we shall soon agree!

For now your fancies to expel.

Here, as a youth of high degree,

I come in gold-lac'd scarlet vest,

And stiff-silk mantle richly dress'd,

1185

A cock's gay feather for a plume,

A long and pointed rapier, too;

And briefly I would counsel you

To don at once the same costume,

And, free from trammels, speed away,

1190

That what life is you may essay.

FAUST.

In every garb I needs must feel oppress'd,

My heart to earth's low cares a prey.

Too old the trifler's part to play,

Too young to live by no desire possess'd.

1195

What can the world to me afford?

Renounce! renounce! is still the word;

This is the everlasting song

In every ear that ceaseless rings,

And which, alas, our whole life long,

1200

Hearsely each passing moment sings.

But to new horror I awake each morn,

And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun

Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn

Accomplishes no wish of mine—not one.

1205

Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs

E'en the presentiment of every joy,

While low realities and paltry cares

The spirit's fond imaginings destroy.
 Then must I too, when falls the veil of night, 1210
 Stretch'd on my pallet languish in despair;
 Appalling dreams my soul affright;
 No rest vouchsafed me even there.
 The god, who throned within my breast resides,
 Deep in my soul can stir the springs; 1215
 With sovereign sway my energies he guides,
 He cannot move external things;
 And so existence is to me a weight,
 Death fondly I desire, and life I hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd 1220
 That Death is never quite a welcome guest.

FAUST.

Happy the man around whose brow he binds
 The bloodstain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour;
 Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds
 Dissolv'd in bliss, in love's delicious bower! 1225
 O that before the lofty spirit's might,
 Enraptured, I had rendered up my soul!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet did a certain man refrain one night,
 Of its brown juice to drain the crystal bowl.

FAUST.

To play the spy diverts you then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I own, 1230
 Though not omniscient, much to me is known.

FAUST.

If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,
 Drew me from harrowing thought's bewild'ring maze,
 Touching the ling'ring chords of childlike feeling,
 With the sweet harmonies of happier days: 1235
 So curse I all, around the soul that windeth
 Its magic and alluring spell,
 And with delusive flattery bindeth
 Its victim to this dreary cell!

Curs'd before all things be the high opinion, 1240
 Wherewith the spirit girds itself around !
 Of shows delusive curs'd be the dominion,
 Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound !
 Accurs'd of dreams the treacherous wiles,
 The cheat of glory, deathless fame ! 1245
 Accurs'd what each as property beguiles,
 Wife, child, slave, plough, whate'er its name !
 Accurs'd be mammon, when with treasure
 He doth to daring deeds incite :
 Or when to steep the soul in pleasure, 1250
 He spreads the couch of soft delight !
 Curs'd be the grape's balsamic juice !
 Accurs'd love's dream, of joys the first !
 Accurs'd be hope ! accurs'd be faith !
 And more than all, be patience curs'd ! 1255

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (*invisible*).

Woe ! woe !
 Thou hast destroy'd
 The beautiful world
 With violent blow ;
 'Tis shiver'd ! 'tis shatter'd ! 1260
 The fragments abroad by a demigod scatter'd !
 Now we sweep
 The wrecks into nothingness !
 Fondly we weep
 The beauty that's gone ! 1265
 Then, 'mongst the sons of earth,
 Lofty and mighty one,
 Build it once more !
 In thine own bosom the lost world restore !
 Now with unclouded sense 1270
 Enter a new career ;
 Songs shall salute thine ear,
 Ne'er heard before !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My little ones these spirits be.
 Hark ! with shrewd intelligence, 1275
 How they recommend to thee
 Action, and the joys of sense !

In the busy world to dwell,
Fain they would allure thee hence :
For within this lonely cell, 1280
Stagnate sap of life and sense.

Forbear to trifle longer with thy grief,
Which, vulture-like, consumes thee in this den.

The worst society is some relief,
- Making thee feel thyself a man with men. 1285

Nathless it is not meant, I trow,
To thrust thee 'mid the vulgar throng.

I to the upper ranks do not belong ;
Yet if, by me companion'd, thou
Thy steps through life forthwith wilt take, 1290

Upon the spot myself I'll make

Thy comrade ;—

Should it suit thy need,

I am thy servant, am thy slave indeed !

FAUST.

And how must I thy services repay ? 1295

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thereto thou lengthen'd respite hast !

FAUST.

No ! no !

The devil is an egoist I know :

And, for Heaven's sake, 'tis not his way

Kindness to any one to show.

Let the condition plainly be exprest ! 1300

Such a domestic is a dangerous guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll pledge myself to be thy servant *here*,

Still at thy back alert and prompt to be ;

But when together *yonder* we appear,

Then shalt thou do the same for me. 1305

FAUST.

But small concern I feel for yonder world ;

Hast thou this system into ruin hurl'd,

Another may arise the void to fill.

This earth the fountain whence my pleasures flow,

This sun doth daily shine upon my woe, 1310
 And if this world I must forego,
 Let happen then,—what can and will.
 I to this theme will close mine ears,
 If men hereafter hate and love,
 And if there be in yonder spheres 1311
 A depth below or height above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this mood thou mayst venture it. But make
 The compact! I at once will undertake
 To charm thee with mine arts. I'll give thee more
 Than mortal eye hath e'er beheld before. 1320

FAUST.

What, sorry Devil, hast thou to bestow?
 Was ever mortal spirit, in its high endeavour,
 Fathom'd by Being such as thou?
 Yet food thou hast which satisfieth never,
 Hast ruddy gold, that still doth flow 1325
 Like restless quicksilver away,
 A game thou hast, at which none win who play,
 A girl who would, with amorous eye,
 E'en from my breast, a neighbour snare,
 Lofty ambition's joy divine, 1330
 That, meteor-like, dissolves in air.
 Show me the fruit that, ere 'tis pluck'd, doth rot,
 And trees, whose verdure daily buds anew!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a commission scares me not,
 I can provide such treasures, it is true; 1335
 But, my good friend, a season will come round,
 When on what's good we may regale in peace.

FAUST.

If e'er upon my couch, stretched at my ease, I'm found,
 Then may my life that instant cease!
 Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
 Till self-reproach away I cast, — 1340
 Me with joy's lure canst thou beguile;—
 Let that day be for me the last!
 Be this our wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES.
Settled!

FAUST.

Sure and fast!

When to the moment I shall say, 1345
"Linger awhile! so fair thou art!"
Then mayst thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart!
Then may the solemn death-bell sound,
Then from thy service thou art free, 1350
The index then may cease its round,
And time be never more for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I shall remember: pause, ere 'tis too late

FAUST.

Thereto a perfect right hast thou.
My strength I do not rashly overrate. 1355
Slave am I here, at any rate,
If thine, or whose, it matters not, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At thine inaugural feast I will this day
Attend, my duties to commence.—
But one thing!—Accidents may happen, hence 1360
A line or two in writing grant, I pray.

FAUST.

A writing, Pedant! dost demand from me?
Man, and man's plighted word, are these unknown to thee?
Is't not enough, that by the word I gave,
My doom for evermore is cast? 1365
Doth not the world in all its currents rave,
And must a promise hold me fast?
Yet fixed is this delusion in our heart;
Who, of his own free will, therefrom would part?
How blest within whose breast truth reigneth pure! 1370
No sacrifice will he repent when made!
A formal deed, with seal and signature,
A spectre this from which all shrink afraid.
The word its life resigneth in the pen,

Leather and wax usurp the mastery then. 1375
 Spirit of evil! what dost thou require?
 Brass, marble, parchment, paper, dost desire?
 Shall I with chisel, pen, or graver write?
 Thy choice is free; to me 'tis all the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore thy passion so excite, 1380
 And thus thine eloquence inflame?
 A scrap is for our compact good.
 Thou under-signest merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST.

If this will satisfy thy mind,
 Thy whim I'll gratify, howe'er absurd. 1385

MEPHISTOPHELES.

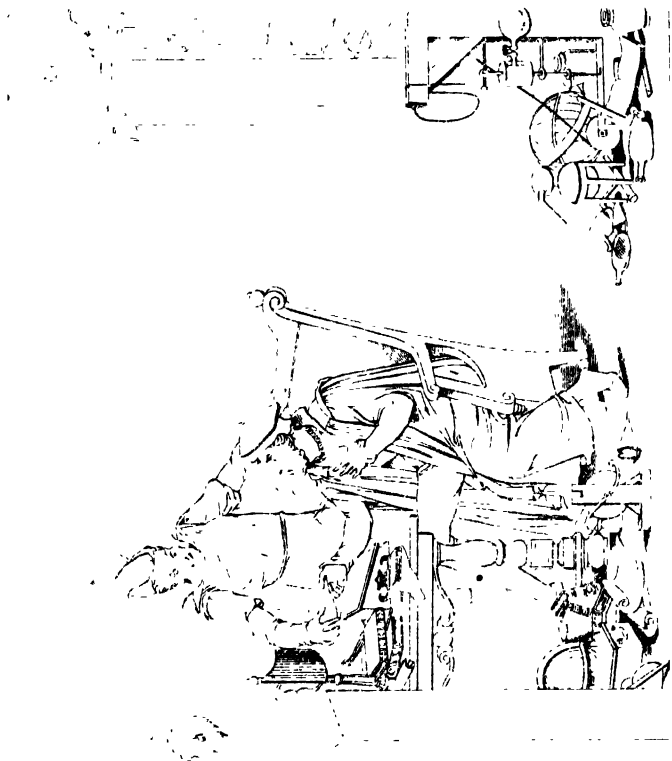
Blood is a juice of very special kind.

FAUST.

Be not afraid that I shall break my word!
 The scope of all my energy
 Is in exact accordance with my vow.
 Vainly I have aspired too high; 1390
 I'm on a level but with such as thou;
 Me the great spirit scorn'd, defied;
 Nature from me herself doth hide;
 Rent is the web of thought; my mind
 Doth knowledge loathe of every kind. 1395
 In depths of sensual pleasure drown'd,
 Let us our fery passions still!
 Enwrapp'd in magic's veil profound,
 Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
 Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow, 1400
 Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
 There may alternate weal and woe,
 Success and failure, as they can,
 Mingle and shift in changeful dance!
 Excitement is the sphere for man. 1405

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nor goal, nor measure is prescrib'd to you.
 If you desire to taste of every thing,



To snatch at joy while on the wing,
May your career amuse and profit too!
Only fall to and don't be over coy! 1410

FAUST.

Hearken! The end I aim at is not joy;
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss,
Enamour'd hatred, quickening vexation.
Purg'd from the love of knowledge, my vocation,
The scope of all my powers henceforth be this, 1415
To bare my breast to every pang,—to know
In my heart's core all human weal and woe,
To grasp in thought the lofty and the deep,
Men's various fortunes on my breast to heap,
And thus to theirs dilate my individual mind, 1420
And share at length with them the shipwreck of mankind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, credit me, who still as ages roll,
Have chew'd this bitter fare from year to year,
No mortal, from the cradle to the bier,
Digests the ancient leaven! Know, this Whole 1425
Doth for the Deity alone subsist!
He in eternal brightness doth exist,
Us unto darkness he hath brought, and here
Where day and night alternate, is your sphere.

FAUST.

But 'tis my will!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well spoken, I admit! 1430
But one thing puzzles me, my friend;
Time's short, art long; methinks 'twere fit
That you to friendly counsel should attend.
A poet choose as your ally!
Let him thought's wide dominion sweep, 1435
Each good and noble quality,
Upon your honoured brow to heap;
The lion's magnanimity,
The fleetness of the hind,
The fiery blood of Italy, 1440
The Northern's steadfast mind.

Let him to you the mystery show
 To blend high aims and cunning low;
 And while youth's passions are aflame
 To fall in love by rule and plan! 1445
 I fain would meet with such a man;
 Would him Sir Microcosmus name.

FAUST.

What then am I, if I aspire in vain
 The crown of our humanity to gain,
 Towards which my every sense doth strain? 1450

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt after all—just what thou art.
 Put on thy head a wig with countless locks,
 And to a cubit's height upraise thy socks,
 Still thou remainest ever, what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel it, I have heap'd upon my brain 1455
 The gather'd treasure of man's thought in vain;
 And when at length from studious toil I rest,
 No power, new-born, springs up within my breast;
 A hair's breadth is not added to my height,
 I am no nearer to the infinite. 1460

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good sir, these things you view indeed,
 Just as by other men they're view'd;
 We must more cleverly proceed,
 Before life's joys our grasp elude.
 The devil! thou hast hands and feet, 1465
 And head and heart are also thine;
 What I enjoy with relish sweet,
 Is it on that account less mine?
 If for six stallions I can pay,
 Do I not own their strength and speed. 1470
 A proper man I dash away,
 As their two dozen legs were mine indeed.
 Up then, from idle pondering free,
 And forth into the world with me!
 I tell you what;—your speculative churl 1475
 Is like a beast which some ill spirit leads,

On barren wilderness, in ceaseless whirl,
While all around lie fair and verdant meads.

FAUST.

But how shall we begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We will go hence with speed,
A place of torment this indeed! 1480
A precious life, thyself to bore,
And some few youngsters evermore!
Leave that to neighbour Paunch!—withdraw,
Why wilt thou plague thyself with thrashing straw?
The very best that thou dost know 1485
Thou dar'st not to the striplings show.
One in the passage now doth wait!

FAUST.

I'm in no mood to see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor lad! He must be tired, I trow;
He must not go disconsolate. 1490
Hand me thy cap and gown; the mask
Is for my purpose quite first rate.

(*He changes his dress.*)

Now leave it to my wit! I ask
But quarter of an hour; meanwhile equip,
And make all ready for our pleasant trip! 1495
(*Exit FAUST.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in FAUST's long gown*).

Mortal! the loftiest attributes of men,
Reason and Knowledge, only thus condemn,
Still let the Prince of lies, without control,
With shows, and mocking charms delude thy soul,
I have thee unconditionally then!— 1500
Fate hath endow'd him with an ardent mind,
Which unrestrain'd still presses on for ever,
And whose precipitate endeavour
Earth's joys o'erleaping, leaveth them behind.
Him will I drag through life's wild waste, 1505

Through scenes of vapid dulness, where at last
 Bewilder'd, he shall falter, and stick fast;
 And, still to mock his greedy haste,
 Viands and drink shall float his craving lips beyond—
 Vainly he'll seek refreshment, anguish-tost, 1510
 And were he not the devil's by his bond,
 Yet must his soul infallibly be lost!

A STUDENT enters.

STUDENT.

But recently I've quitted home,
 Full of devotion am I come
 A man to know and hear, whose name 1515
 With reverence is known to fame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy much flatters me!
 A man like other men you see;
 Pray have you yet applied elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I would entreat your friendly care! 1520
 I've youthful blood and courage high;
 Of gold I bring a fair supply;
 To let me go my mother was not fain;
 But here I longed true knowledge to attain,

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You've hit upon the very place. 1525

STUDENT.

And yet my steps I would retrace.
 These walls, this melancholy room,
 O'erpower me with a sense of gloom;
 The space is narrow, nothing green,
 No friendly tree is to be seen. 1530
 And in these halls, with benches filled, distraught,
 Sight, hearing fail me, and the power of thought.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all depends on habit. Thus at first
 The infant takes not kindly to the breast,
 But before long, its eager thirst 1535

Is fain to slake with hearty zest :
Thus at the breasts of wisdom day by day
With keener relish you'll your thirst allay.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I fain would hang with joy ;
To reach it, say, what means must I employ ? 1540

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Explain, ere further time we lose,
What special faculty you choose ?

STUDENT.

Profoundly learned I would grow,
What heaven contains would comprehend,
O'er earth's wide realm my gaze extend, 1545
Nature and science I desire to know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are upon the proper track, I find,
Take heed, let nothing dissipate your mind.

STUDENT.

My heart and soul are in the chase !
Though to be sure I fain would seize,
On pleasant summer holidays, 1550
A little liberty and careless ease.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Use well your time, so rapidly it flies ;
Method will teach you time to win ;
Hence, my young friend, I would advise, 1555
With college logic to begin !

Then will your mind be so well braced,
In Spanish boots so tightly laced,
That on 'twill circumspectly creep,
Thought's beaten track securely keep, 1560
Nor will it, ignis-fatuus like,
Into the path of error strike.

Then many a day they'll teach you how
The mind's spontaneous acts, till now
As eating and as drinking free, 1565
Require a process ;—one ! two ! three !

In truth the subtle web of thought
 Is like the weaver's fabric wrought:
 One treadle moves a thousand lines,
 Swift dart the shuttles to and fro, 1570
 Unseen the threads together flow,
 A thousand knots one stroke combines.
 Then forward steps your sage to show,
 And prove to you, it must be so;
 The first being so, and so the second, 1575
 The third and fourth deduc'd we see;
 And if there were no first and second,
 Nor third nor fourth would ever be.
 This, scholars of all countries prize,—
 Yet 'mong themselves no weavers rise. 1580
 He who would know and treat of aught alive,
 Seeks first the living spirit thence to drive:
 Then are the lifeless fragments in his hand,
 There only fails, alas! the spirit-band.
 This process, chemists name, in learned thesis, 1585
 Mocking themselves, *Nature encheiresis*.

STUDENT.

Your words I cannot fully comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In a short time you will improve, my friend,
 When of scholastic forms you learn the use;
 And how by method all things to reduce. 1590

STUDENT.

So doth all this my brain confound,
 As if a mill-wheel there were turning round.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And next, before aught else you learn,
 You must with zeal to metaphysics turn!
 There see that you profoundly comprehend, 1595
 What doth the limit of man's brain transcend;
 For that which is or is not in the head
 A sounding phrase will serve you in good stead.
 But before all strive this half year

From one fix'd order ne'er to swerve!
 Five lectures daily you must hear;
 The hour still punctually observe!
 Yourself with studious zeal prepare,
 And closely in your manual look,
 Hereby may you be quite aware
 That all he utters standeth in the book;
 Yet write away without cessation,
 As at the Holy Ghost's dictation!

STUDENT.

This, Sir, a second time you need not say!
 Your counsel I appreciate quite;
 What we possess in black and white,
 We can in peace and comfort bear away.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A faculty I pray you name.

STUDENT.

For jurisprudence some distaste I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me this branch of science is well known,
 And hence I cannot your repugnance blame.
 Customs and laws in every place,
 Like a disease, an heir-loom dread,
 Still trail their curse from race to race,
 And furtively abroad they spread.
 To nonsense, reason's self they turn;
 Beneficence becomes a pest;
 Woe unto thee, that thou'rt a grandson born!
 As for the law born with us, unexpressed;—
 That law, alas, none careth to discern.

STUDENT.

You deepen my dislike. The youth
 Whom you instruct, is blest in sooth!
 To try theology I feel inclined.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not lead you willingly astray,
 But as regards this science, you will find,
 So hard it is to shun the erring way,

And so much hidden poison lies therein,
 Which scarce can you discern from medicine.
 Here too it is the best, to listen but to one,
 And by the master's words to swear alone. 1635
 To sum up all—To words hold fast!
 Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
 You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.

STUDENT.

But then some meaning must the words convey.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right! But o'er-anxious thought, you'll find of no avail,
 For there precisely where ideas fail, 1641
 A word comes opportunely into play.
 Most admirable weapons words are found,
 On words a system we securely ground,
 In words we can conveniently believe, 1645
 Nor of a single jot can we a word bereave.

STUDENT.

Your pardon for my importunity;
 Yet once more must I trouble you:
 On medicine, I'll thank you to supply
 A pregnant utterance or two! 1650
 Three years! how brief the appointed tide!
 The field, heaven knows, is all too wide!
 If but a friendly hint be thrown,
 'Tis easier then to feel one's way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

I'm weary of the dry pedantic tone, 1655
 And must again the genuine devil play.

(*Aloud.*)

Of medicine the spirit's caught with ease,
 The great and little world you study through,
 That things may then their course pursue,
 As heaven may please. 1660
 In vain abroad you range through science' ample space,
 Each man learns only that which learn he can;
 Who knows the moment to embrace,
 He is your proper man.

In person you are tolerably made,
Nor in assurance will you be deficient :
Self-confidence acquire, be not afraid,
Others will then esteem you a proficient
Learn chiefly with the sex to deal !
Their thousand ahs and ohs,
These the sage doctor knows,
He only from one point can heal.
Assume a decent tone of courteous ease,
You have them then to humour as you please.
First a diploma must belief infuse,
That you in your profession take the lead :
You then at once those easy freedoms use
For which another many a year must plead ;
Learn how to feel with nice address
The dainty wrist ;—and how to press,
With ardent furtive glance, the slender waist,
To feel how tightly it is laced.

STUDENT.

There is some sense in that ! one sees the how and why.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey is, young friend, all theory :
And green of life the golden tree.

STUDENT.

I swear it seemeth like a dream to me.
May I some future time repeat my visit,
To hear on what your wisdom grounds your views ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Command my humble service when you choose.

STUDENT.

Ere I retire, one boon I must solicit :
Here is my album, do not, Sir, deny
This token of your favour !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Willingly !
(*He writes and returns the book.*)

STUDENT (*reads*).

ERITIS SICUT DEUS, SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.

(*He reverently closes the book and retires.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let but this ancient proverb be your rule,
 My cousin follow still, the wily snake, 1695
 And with your likeness to the gods, poor fool,
 Ere long be sure your poor sick heart will quake!

FAUST (*enters*).

Whither away?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis thine our course to steer.
 The little world, and then the great we'll view.
 With what delight, what profit too, 1700
 Thou'lt revel through thy gay career!

FAUST.

Despite my length of beard I need
 The easy manners that insure success;
 Th' attempt I fear can ne'er succeed;
 To mingle in the world I want address; 1705
 I still have an embarrass'd air, and then
 I feel myself so small with other men.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Time, my good friend, will all that's needful give;
 Be only self-possessed, and thou hast learn'd to live.

FAUST.

But how are we to start, I pray?
 Steeds, servants, carriage, where are they? 1710

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread this mantle wide,
 'Twill serve whereon through air to ride,
 No heavy baggage need you take,
 When we our bold excursion make, 1715
 A little gas, which I will soon prepare,
 Lifts us from earth; aloft through air,
 Light laden, we shall swiftly steer;—
 I wish you joy of your new life-career.

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.

(▲ DRINKING PARTY.)

FROSCH.

No drinking? Naught a laugh to raise? 1720
None of your gloomy looks, I pray!
You, who so bright were wont to blaze,
Are dull as wetted straw to-day.

BRANDER.

'Tis all your fault; your part you do not bear,
No beastliness, no folly. 1725

FROSCH

(pours a glass of wine over his head).

There,

You have them both!

BRANDER.

You double beast!

FROSCH.

'Tis what you ask'd me for, at least!

SIEBEL.

Whoever quarrels, turn him out!
With open throat drink, roar, and shout.
Hollo! Hollo! Ho! 1730

ALTMAYER.

Zounds, fellow, cease your deaf'ning cheers!
Bring cotton-wool! He splits my ears.

SIEBEL.

'Tis when the roof rings back the tone,
Then first the full power of the bass is known.

FROSCH.

Right! out with him who takes offence! 1735
A! tara lara da!

ALTMAYER.

A! tara lara da!

FROSCH.

Our throats are tuned. Come let's commence!

(Sings.)

The holy Roman empire now,
How holds it still together? 1740

BRANDER.

An ugly song! a song political!
A song offensive! Thank God, every morn
To rule the Roman empire, that you were not born!
I bless my stars at least that mine is not
Either a kaiser's or a chancellor's lot. 1745
Yet 'mong ourselves should one still lord it o'er the rest;
That we elect a pope I now suggest.
Ye know, what quality ensures
A man's success, his rise secures.

FROSCH (*sings*).

Bear, lady nightingale above, 1750
Ten thousand greetings to my love.

SIEBEL.

No greetings to a sweetheart! No love-songs shall
there be!

FROSCH.

Love-greetings and love-kisses! Thou shalt not hinder
me!

(Sings.)

Undo the bolt! in stilly night,
Undo the bolt! the lover wakes. 1755
Shut to the bolt! when morning breaks.

SIEBEL.

Ay, sing, sing on, praise her with all thy might!
My turn to laugh will come some day.
Me hath she jilted once, you the same trick she'll play.
Some gnome her lover be! where cross-roads meet, 1760
With her to play the fool; or old he-goat,
From Blocksberg coming in swift gallop, bleat
A good night to her, from his hairy throat!
A proper lad of genuine flesh and blood,
Is for the damsel far too good; 1765
The greeting she shall have from me,
To smash her window-panes will be!

BRANDER (*striking on the table*).

Silence! Attend! to me give ear!
 Confess, sirs, I know how to live:
 Some love-sick folk are sitting here! 1770
 Hence, 'tis but fit, their hearts to cheer,
 That I a good-night strain to them should give.
 Hark! of the newest fashion is my song!
 Strike boldly in the chorus, clear and strong!

(*He sings.*)

Once in a cellar lived a rat, 1775
 He feasted there on butter,
 Until his paunch became as fat
 As that of Doctor Luther.
 The cook laid poison for the guest,
 Then was his heart with pangs oppress'd, 1780
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS (*shouting*).

As if his frame love wasted.

BRANDER.

He ran around, he ran abroad,
 Of every puddle drinking.
 The house with rage he scratch'd and gnaw'd,
 In vain,—he fast was sinking; 1786
 Full many an anguish'd bound he gave,
 Nothing the hapless brute could save,
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted. 1790

BRANDER.

By torture driven, in open day,
 The kitchen he invaded,
 Convulsed upon the hearth he lay,
 With anguish sorely jaded;
 The poisoner laugh'd, Ha! ha! quoth she, 1795
 His life is ebbing fast, I see,
 As if his frame love wasted.

CHORUS.

As if his frame love wasted.

SIEBEL.

How the dull boors exulting shout!
 Poison for the poor rats to strew
 A fine exploit it is no doubt. 1800

BRANDER.

They, as it seems, stand well with you!

ALTMAYER.

Old bald-pate! with the paunch profound!
 The rat's mishap hath tamed his nature;
 For he his counterpart hath found 1805
 Depicted in the swollen creature.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I now must introduce to you
 Before aught else, this jovial crew,
 To show how lightly life may glide away;
 With the folk here each day's a holiday. 1810
 With little wit and much content,
 Each on his own small round intent,
 Like sportive kitten with its tail;
 While no sick-headache they bewail,
 And while their host will credit give, 1815
 Joyous and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

'They're off a journey, that is clear,—
 From their strange manners; they have scarce been here
 An hour.

FROSCH.

You're right! Leipzig's the place for me!
 'Tis quite a little Paris; people there 1820
 Acquire a certain easy finish'd air.

SIEBEL.

What take you now these travellers to be?

FROSCH.

Let me alone! O'er a full glass you'll see,
As easily I'll worm their secret out,
As draw an infant's tooth. I've not a doubt 1825
That my two gentlemen are nobly born,
They look dissatisfied and full of scorn.

BRANDER.

They are but mountebauks, I'll lay a bet!

ALTMAYER.

Most like.

FROSCH.

Mark me, I'll screw it from them yet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

These fellows would not scent the devil out, 1830
E'en though he had them by the very throat!

FAUST.

Good-morrow, gentlemen!

SIEBEL.

Thanks for your fair salute.

(*Aside, glancing at MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

How! goes the fellow on a halting foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is it permitted here with you to sit?
Then though good wine is not forthcoming here, 1835
Good company at least our hearts will cheer.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman, no doubt of it.

FROSCH.

You're doubtless recently from Rippach? Pray,
Did you with Master Hans there chance to sup?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day we pass'd him, but we did not stop! 1840
When last we met him he had much to say
Touching his cousins, and to each he sent
Full many a greeting and kind compliment.
(*With an inclination towards FROSCH.*)

ALTMAYER (*aside to FROSCH*).

You have it there!

SIEBEL.

Faith! he's a knowing one!

FROSCH.

Have patience! I will show him up anon! 1845

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We heard awhile, unless I'm wrong,
Voices well trained in chorus pealing?
Certes, most choicely here must song
Re-echo from this vaulted ceiling!

FROSCH.

That you're an amateur one plainly sees! 1850

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no, though strong the love, I cannot boast much skill

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As many as you will.

SIEBEL.

But be it a brand new one, if you please!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But recently returned from Spain are we,
The pleasant land of wine and minstrelsy. 1855

(*Sings.*)

A king there was once reigning,
Who had a goodly flea—

FROSCH.

Hark! did you rightly catch the words? a flea!
An odd sort of a guest he needs must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

A king there was once reigning, 1860
Who had a goodly flea,
Him loved he without feigning,
As his own son were he!

His tailor then he summon'd,
The tailor to him goes :
Now measure me the youngster
For jerkin and for hose !

1865

BRANDER.

Take proper heed, the tailor strictly charge,
The nicest measurement to take,
And as he loves his head, to make
The hose quite smooth and not too large !.

1870

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In satin and in velvet,
Behold the younker dressed ;
Bedizen'd o'er with ribbons,
A cross upon his breast.
Prime minister they made him,
He wore a star of state ;
And all his poor relations
Were courtiers, rich and great.
The gentlemen and ladies
At court were sore distressed ;
The queen and all her maidens
Were bitten by the pest,
And yet they dared not scratch them,
Or chase the fleas away.
If we are bit, we catch them,
And crack without delay.

1875

1880

1885

CHORUS (*shouting*).

If we are bit, &c.

FROSC.

Bravo ! That's the song for me !

SIEBEL.

Such be the fate of every flea !

1890

BRANDER.

With clever finger catch and kill !

ALTMAYER.

Hurrah for wine and freedom still !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Were but your wine a trifle better, friend,
A glass to freedom I would gladly drain.

SIEBEL.

You'd better not repeat those words again! , 1895

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am afraid the landlord to offend;
Else freely would I treat each worthy guest
From our own cellar to the very best.

SIEBEL.

Out with it then! Your doings I'll defend.

FROSCH.

Give a good glass, and straight we'll praise you, one and
all. 1900

Only let not your samples be too small;
For if my judgment you desire,
Certes, an ample mouthful I require.

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

I guess, they're from the Rhenish land.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fetch me a gimlet here!

BRANDER.

Say, what therewith to bore? 1905
You cannot have the wine-casks at the door?

ALTMAYER.

Our landlord's tool-basket behind doth yonder stand.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes the gimlet*).

(To FROSCH.)

Now only say! what liquor will you take?

FROSCH.

How mean you that? have you of every sort?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each may his own selection make. 1910

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*).

Ha! Ha! You lick your lips already at the thought.

FROSCH.

Good, if I have my choice, the Rhenish I propose;
For still the fairest gifts the fatherland bestows.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*(boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite to where
FROSCH is sitting).*

Got me a little wax—and make some stoppers—quick!

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is nothing but a juggler's trick! 1915

MEPHISTOPHELES (to BRANDER).

And you?

BRANDER.

Champagne's the wine for me;
Right brisk, and sparkling let it be!

*(MEPHISTOPHELES bores, one of the party has in the
meantime prepared the wax-stoppers and stopped
the holes.)*

BRANDER.

What foreign is one always can't decline,
What's good is often scatter'd far apart.
The French your genuine German hates with all his heart,
Yet has a relish for their wine. 1921

SIEBEL

(as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches him).

I like not acid wine, I must allow,
Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*bored*).

Tokay

Shall, if you wish it, flow without delay.

ALTMAYER.

Come! look me in the face! no fooling now! 1925
You are but making fun of us, I trow.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! ah! that would indeed be making free

With such distinguished guests. Come, no delay;
What liquor can I serve you with, I pray?

ALTMAYER.

Only be quick, it matters not to me. 1930
(*After the holes are all bored and stopped*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with strange gestures*).

Grapes the vine-stock bears,
Horns the buck-goat wears!
Wine is sap, the vine is wood,
The wooden board yields wine as good.
With a deeper glance and true 1935
The mysteries of nature view!
Have faith and here's a miracle!
Your stoppers draw and drink your fill!

ALL

(*as they draw the stoppers and the wine chosen by each
runs into his glass*).

Oh beauteous spring, which flows so fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill not a single drop, of this beware! 1940
(*They drink repeatedly.*)

ALL (*sing*).

Happy as cannibals are we,
Or as five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory, mark their elevation!

FAUST.

Let's hence, nor here our stay prolong.

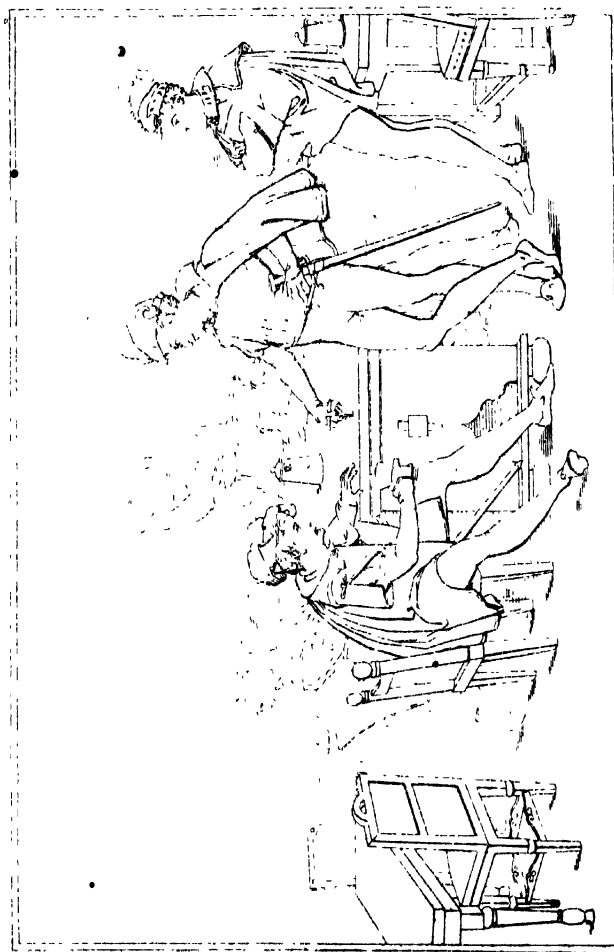
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Attend, of brutishness ere long 1945
You'll see a glorious revelation.

SIEBEL

(*drinks carelessly; the wine is spilt upon the ground, and
turns to flame*).

Help! fire! help! Hell is burning!



1. *Ham*

M. Bagnat

MEPHISTOPHELES

(addressing the flames).
Stop,

Kind element, be still, I say !
(To the Company.)
Of purgatorial fire as yet 'tis but a drop.

SIEBEL.

What means the knave ! For this you'll dearly pay !
Us, it appears, you do not know. 1950

FROSCH.

Such tricks a second time he'd better show !

ALTMAYER.

Methinks 'twere well we pack'd him quietly away.

SIEBEL.

What, sir ! with us your hocus-pocus play !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old wine-cask !

SIEBEL.

Now ! add insult, too ! 1955

Vile broomstick !

BRANDER.

Hold ! or blows shall rain on you !

ALTMAYER

(draws a stopper out of the table ; fire springs out against him).

I burn ! I burn !

SIEBEL.

'Tis sorcery, I vow !
Strike home ! The fellow is fair game, I trow !

(They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES *(with solemn gestures).*

Visionary scenes appear !
Words delusive cheat the ear ! 1960
Be ye there, and be ye here !

(They stand amazed and gaze on each other.)

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? What a beauteous land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! unless my sight deceives?

SIEBEL.

And clust'ring grapes too, close at hand!

BRANDER.

And underneath the spreading leaves,
What stems there be! What grapes I see!

1965

*(He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others reciprocally
do the same, and raise their knives.)*MEPHISTOPHELES *(as above)*.Delusion, from their eyes the bandage take!
Note how the devil loves a jest to break!*(He disappears with FAUST; the fellows draw back from
one another.)*

SIEBEL.

What was it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that your nose?

BRANDER *(to SIEBEL)*.

And look, my hand doth thine enclose!

1970

ALTMAYER.

I felt a shock, it went through every limb!
A chair! I'm fainting! All things swim!

FROSCH.

Say what has happened, what's it all about?

SIEBEL.

Where is the fellow? Could I scent him out,
His body from his soul I'd soon divide!

1975

ALTMAYER.

With my own eyes, upon a cask astride,
Forth through the cellar-door I saw him ride—
Heavy as lead my feet are growing.



(Turning to the table.)

I wonder is the wine still flowing!

SIEBEL.

'Twas all delusion, cheat and lie.

1980

FROSCH.

'Twas wine I drank, most certainly.

BRANDER.

But with the grapes how was it, pray?

2

ALTMAYER.

hat none may miracles believe, who now will say?

WITCHES' KITCHEN.

A large caldron hangs over the fire on a low hearth; various figures appear in the vapour rising from it. A FEMALE MONKEY sits beside the caldron to skim it, and watch that it does not boil over. The MALE MONKEY with the young ones is seated near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are adorned with the strangest articles of witch-furniture.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This senseless, juggling witchcraft I detest!

Dost promise that in this foul nest

1985

Of madness, I shall be restored?

Must I seek counsel from an ancient dame?

And can she, by these rites abhorred,

Take thirty winters from my frame?

Woe's me, if thou naught better canst suggest!

1990

Hope has already fled my breast.

Has neither nature nor a noble mind

A balsam yet devis'd of any kind?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you now speak sensibly. In truth,

Nature a method giveth to renew thy youth:

1995

But in another book the lesson's writ;—

It forms a curious chapter, I admit.

FAUST.

I fain would know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! A remedy

Without physician, gold, or sorcery :	
Away forthwith, and to the fields repair,	2000
Begin to delve, to cultivate the ground,	
Thy senses and thyself confine	
Within the very narrowest round,	
Support thyself upon the simplest fare,	
Live like a very brute the brutes among,	2005
Neither esteem it robbery	
The acre thou dost reap, thyself to dung ;	
This the best method, credit me,	
Again at eighty to grow hale and young.	

FAUST.

I am not used to it, nor can myself degrade	2010
So far, as in my hand to take the spade.	
This narrow life would suit me not at all.	

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then we the witch must summon after all.

FAUST.

Will none but this old heldame do ?	
Canst not thyself the potion brew ?	2015

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pretty play our leisure to beguile !	
A thousand bridges I could build meanwhile.	
Not science only and consummate art,	
Patience must also bear her part.	
A quiet spirit worketh whole years long ;	2020
Time only makes the subtle ferment strong.	
And all things that belong thereto,	
Are wondrous and exceeding rare !	
The devil taught her, it is true ;	
But yet the draught the devil can't prepare.	2025
<i>(Perceiving the beasts.)</i>	
Look yonder, what a dainty pair !	
Here is the maid ! the knave is there !	

(To the beasts.)

It seems your dame is not at home?

THE MONKEYS.

Gone to carouse,
• Out of the house,
Thro' the chimney and away!

2030

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is it her wont to roam?

THE MONKEYS.

While we can warm our paws she'll stay.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*.

What think you of the charming creatures?

FAUST.

I loathe alike their form and features!

2035

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, such discourse, be it confessed,
Is just the thing that pleases me the best.

(To the MONKEYS.)

Tell me, ye whelps, accursed crew!
What stir ye in the broth about?

MONKEYS.

Coarse beggar's gruel here we stew.

2040

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of customers you'll have a rout.

THE HE-MONKEY

(approaching and fawning on MEPHISTOPHELES).

Quick! quick! throw the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,
Oh give me the prize!
Alas, for myself!
Had I plenty of pelf,
I then should be wise.

2045

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How blest the ape would think himself, if he
 Could only put into the lottery!

*(In the meantime the young MONKEYS have been playing with a
 large globe, which they roll forwards.)*

THE HE-MONKEY.

The world behold ; 2050
 Unceasingly roll'd,
 It riseth and falleth ever ;
 It ringeth like glass !
 How brittle, alas !
 'Tis hollow, and resteth never. 2055
 How bright the sphere,
 Still brighter here !
 Now living am I !
 Dear son, beware !
 Nor venture there ! 2060
 Thou too must die !
 It is of clay ;
 'Twill crumble away ;
 There fragments lie.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of what use is the sieve ? 2065

THE HE-MONKEY (*taking it down*).

The sieve would show,
 If thou wert a thief or no ?

*(He runs to the SHE-MONKEY, and makes her look
 through it.)*

Look through the sieve !
 Dost know him the thief,
 And dar'st thou not call him so ? 2070

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And then this pot ?

THE MONKEYS.

The half-witted sot !
 He knows not the pot !
 He knows not the kettle !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannerly beast! 2075
Be civil at least!

THE HE-MONKEY.

Take the whisk and sit down in the settle!
(*He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.*)

•
FAUST.

(*Who all this time has been standing before a looking-glass, now approaching, and now retiring from it.*)

What do I see? what form, whose charms transcend
The loveliness of earth, is mirror'd here!
O Love, to waft me to her sphere, 2080
To me the swiftest of thy pinions lend!
Alas! If I remain not rooted to this place,
If to approach more near I'm fondly hur'd,
Her image fades, in veiling mist obscur'd!—
Model of beauty both in form and face! 2085
Is't possible? Hath woman charms so rare?
In this recumbent form, supremely fair,
The essence must I see of heavenly grace?
Can aught so exquisite on earth be found?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The six days' labour of a god, my friend, 2090
Who doth himself cry bravo, at the end,
By something clever doubtless should be crown'd.
For this time gaze your fill, and when you please
Just such a prize for you I can provide;
How blest is he to whom kind fate decrees, 2095
To take her to his home, a lovely bride!

(*FAUST continues to gaze into the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, continues to speak.*)

Here sit I, like a king upon his throne;
My sceptre this;—the crown I want alone.

THE MONKEYS

(who have hitherto been making all sorts of strange gestures, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown, with loud cries).

Oh, be so good,
With sweat and with blood 2100
The crown to lime!

(They handle the crown awkwardly and break it in two pieces, with which they skip about.)

'Twas fate's decree!
We speak and see!
We hear and rhyme.

FAUST *(before the mirror).*

Woe's me! well-nigh distraught I feel! 2105

MEPHISTOPHELES

(pointing to the beasts).

And even my own head almost begins to reel.

THE MONKEYS.

If good luck attend,
If fitly things blend,
Our jargon with thought
And with reason is fraught! 2110

FAUST *(as above).*

A flame is kindled in my breast!
Let us begone! nor linger here!

MEPHISTOPHELES

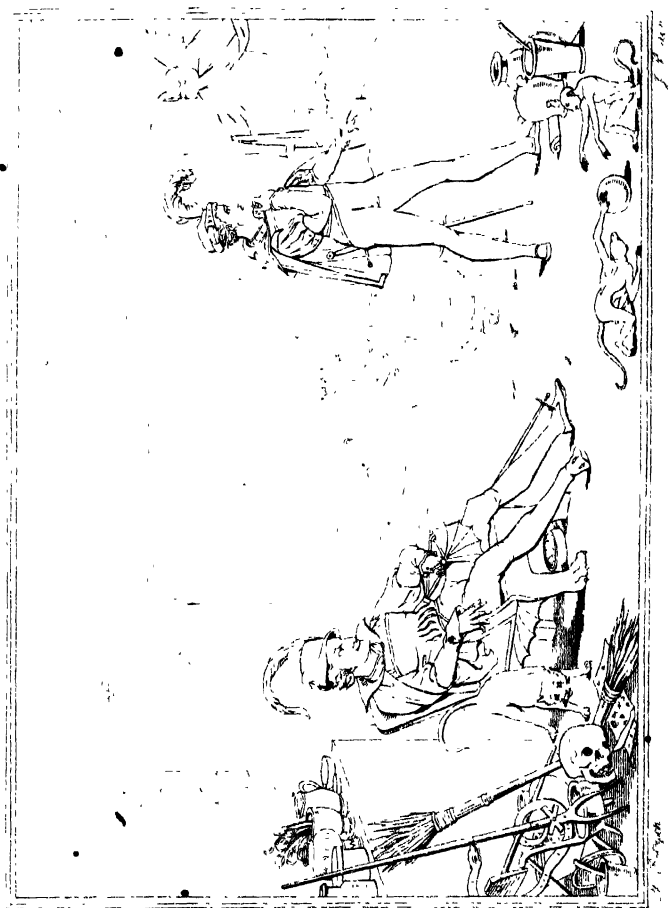
(in the same position).

It now at least must be confessed,
That poets sometimes are sincere,

(The caldron which the SHE-MONKEY has neglected begins to boil over; a great flame arises, which screams up the chimney. The WITCH comes down the chimney with horrible cries.)

THE WITCH.

Ough! ough! ough! ough! 2115
Accursed brute! accursed sow!
The cauldron dost neglect, for shame!
Accursed brute to scorch the dame!



(*Perceiving FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

Whom have we here?
 Who's sneaking here? 2124
 Whence are ye come?
 With what desire?
 The plague of fire
 Your bones consume!

(*She dips the skimming-ladle into the caldron and throws flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the MONKEYS. The MONKEYS whimper.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*twirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, and striking among the glasses and pots.*)

Dash! Smash! 2125
 There lies the glass!
 There lies the slime!
 'Tis but a jest;
 I but keep time,
 Thou hellish pest, 2130
 To thine own chime!

(*While the WITCH steps back in rage and astonishment.*)

Dost know me! Skeleton! Vile scarecrow, thou!
 Thy lord and master dost thou know?
 What holds me, that I deal not now
 Thee and thine apes a stunning blow? 2135
 No more respect to my red vest dost pay?
 Does my cock's feather no allegiance claim?
 Have I my visage masked to-day?
 Must I be forced myself to name?

THE WITCH.

Master, forgive this rude salute! 2140
 But I perceive no cloven foot.
 And your two ravens, where are they?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once I must admit your plea;—
 For truly I must own that we
 Each other have not seen for many a day. 2145
 The culture, too, that shapes the world, at last

Hath e'en the devil in its sphere embraced;
 The northern phantom from the scene hath pass'd,
 Tail, talons, horns, are nowhere to be traced!
 As for the foot, with which I can't dispense, 2150
 'Twould injure me in company, and hence,
 Like many a youthful cavalier.
 False calves I now have worn for many a year.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I am beside myself with joy,
 To see once more the gallant Satan here! 2155

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman, no more that name employ!

THE WITCH.

But why? what mischief nath it done?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To fable-books it now doth appertain;
 But people from the change have nothing won.
 Rid of the evil one, the evil ones remain. 2160
 Lord Baron call thou me, so is the matter good;
 Of other cavaliers the mien I wear.
 Dost make no question of my gentle blood;
 See here, this is the scutcheon that I bear!
 (*He makes an unseemly gesture.*)

THE WITCH

(*laughing immoderately*).

Ha! Ha! Just like yourself! You are, I ween, 2165
 The same mad wag that you have ever been!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

My friend, learn this to understand, I pray!
 To deal with witches this is still the way.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, gentlemen, what you desire?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of your known juice a goblet we require. 2170
 But for the very oldest let me ask;
 Double its strength with years doth grow.

THE WITCH.

Most willingly! And here I have a flask,
From which I've sipp'd myself ere now;
What's more, it doth no longer stink;
To you a glass I joyfully will give. 2175

(*Aside.*)

If unprepar'd, however, this man drink,
He hath not, as you know, an hour to live.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He's my good friend, with whom 'twill prosper well;
I grudge him not the choicest of thy store. 2180
Now draw thy circle, speak thy spell,
And straight a bumper for him pour!

The WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. The glasses meanwhile begin to ring, the caldron to sound, and to make music. Lastly, she brings a great book; places the MONKEYS in the circle to serve her as a desk, and to hold the torches. She beckons FAUST to approach.)

FAUST (to MEPHISTOPHELES).

Tell me, to what doth all this tend?
Where will these frantic gestures end?
This loathsome cheat, this senseless stuff 2185
I've known and hated long enough.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mere mummary, a laugh to raise!
Pray don't be so fastidious! She
But as a leech, her hocus-pocus plays,
That well with you her potion may agreeo. 2190

(*He compels FAUST to enter the circle.*)

(*The WITCH, with great emphasis, begins to declaim from the book.*)

This must thou ken:
Of one make ten,
Pass two, and then

Make square the three,
 So rich thou'lt be. 2195
 Drop out the four!
 From five and six,
 Thus says the witch,
 Make seven and eight.
 So all is straight! 2200
 And nine is one.
 And ten is none,
 This is the witch's one-time-one!

FAUST.

The hag doth as in fever rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To these will follow many a stave. 2205
 I know it well, so rings the book throughout;
 Much time I've lost in puzzling o'er its pages,
 For downright paradox, no doubt,
 A mystery remains alike to fools and sages.
 Ancient the art and modern too, my friend. 2210
 'Tis still the fashion as it used to be,
 Error instead of truth abroad to send
 By means of three and one, and one and three.
 'Tis ever taught and babbled in the schools.
 Who'd take the trouble to dispute with fools? 2215
 When words men hear, in sooth, they usually believe,
 That there must needs therein be something to conceive.

THE WITCH (*continues*).

'The lofty power
 Of wisdom's dower,
 From all the world conceal'd! 2220
 Who thinketh not,
 To him I wot,
 Unsought, it is reveal'd.

FAUST.

What nonsense doth the hag propound?
 My brain it doth well-nigh confound. 2225
 A hundred thousand fools or more,
 Methinks I hear in chorus roar.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

Incomparable Sibyl cease, I pray!
 Hand us thy liquor without more delay.
 And to the very brim the goblet crown! 2230
 My friend he is, and need not be afraid;
 Besides, he is a man of many a grade,
 Who hath drunk deep already.

(The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a cup; as FAUST lifts it to his mouth, a light flame arises.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gulp it down!
 No hesitation! It will prove
 A cordial, and your heart inspire! 2235
 What! with the devil hand and glove,
 And yet shrink back afraid of fire?
(The WITCH dissolves the circle. FAUST steps out.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once! thou dar'st not rest.

WITCH.

And much, sir, may the liquor profit you!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to the WITCH)*.

And if to pleasure thee I aught can do, 2240
 Pray on Walpurgis mention thy request.

WITCH.

Here is a song, sung o'er sometimes, you'll see,
 That 'twill a singular effect produce.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to FAUST)*.

Come, quick, and let thyself be led by me;
 Thou must perspire, in order that the juico 2245
 Thy frame may penetrate through every part.
 'Then noble dulness I thee will teach to prize,
 And soon with ecstasy thou'lt recognise
 How Cupid stirs and gambols in thy heart.

FAUST.

Let me but gaze one moment in the glass! 2250
 Too lovely was that female form!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay! nay!

A model which all women shall surpass,
In flesh and blood ere long thou shalt survey.

(Aside.)

As works the draught, thou presently shalt greet
A Helen in each woman thou dost meet.

2255

*A Street.*FAUST (*MARGARET passing by*).

FAUST.

Fair lady, may I thus make free
To offer you my arm and company?

MARGARET.

I am no lady, am not fair,
Can without escort home repair.

(She disengages herself and exit.)

FAUST.

— heaven! This girl is fair indeed!

2260

No form like hers can I recall.

Virtue she hath, and modest heed,

Is piquant too, and sharp withal.

Her cheek's soft light, her rosy lips,

No length of time will e'er eclipse!

2265

Her downward glance in passing by,

Deep in my heart is stamp'd for aye;

How curt and sharp her answer too,

To ecstasy the feeling grew!

(MEPHISTOPHELES enters).

FAUST.

This girl must win for me! Dost hear?

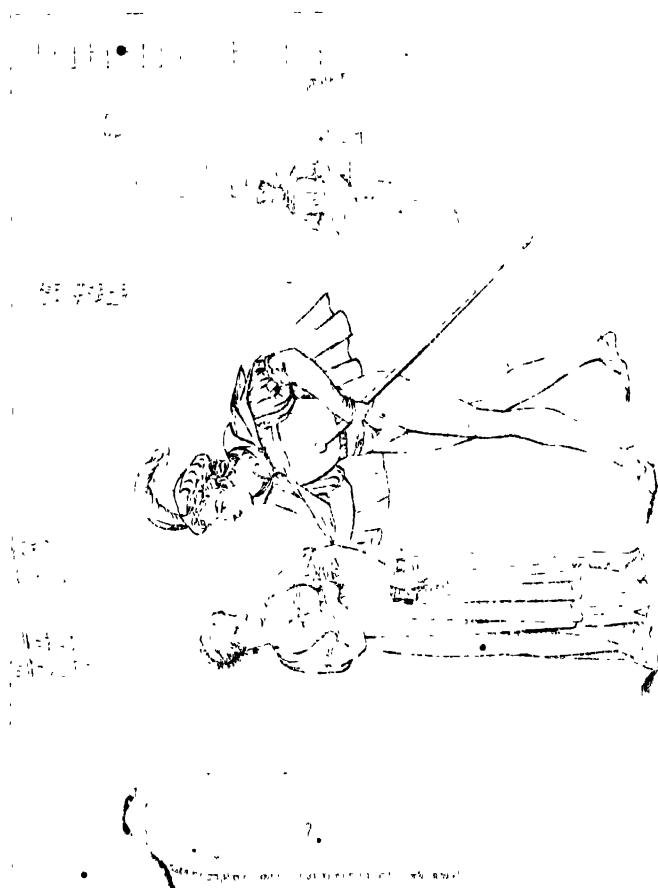
2270

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which?

FAUST.

She who but now passed.



MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! She?

She from confession cometh here,
From every sin absolved and free;
I crept near the confessor's chair.
All innocence her virgin soul, 2275
For next to nothing went she there;
O'er such as she I've no control!

FAUST.

She's past fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You really talk

Like any gay Lothario,
Who every floweret from its stalk 2280
Would pluck, and deems nor grace, nor truth,
Secure against his arts, forsooth!
This ne'er the less won't always do.

FAUST.

Sir Moralizer, prithee, pause;
Nor plague me with your tiresome laws! 2285
To cut the matter short, my friend,
She must this very night be mine,—
And if to help me you decline,
Midnight shall see our compact end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What may occur just bear in mind! 2290
A fortnight's space, at least, I need,
A fit occasion but to find.

FAUST.

With but seven hours I could succeed;
Nor should I want the devil's wile,
So young a creature to beguile. 2295

MEPHISTOPHELES,

Like any Frenchman now you speak,
But do not fret, I pray; why seek
To hurry to enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not half so great,

As when at first, around, above, 2300
 With all the fooleries of love,
 The puppet you can knead and mould
 As in Italian story oft is told.

FAUST.

No such incentives do I need.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But now, without offence or jest! 2305
 You cannot quickly, I protest,
 In winning this sweet child succeed.
 By storm we cannot take the fort,
 To stratagem we must resort.

FAUST.

Conduct me to her place of rest! 2310
 Some token of the angel bring!
 A kerchief from her snowy breast,
 A garter bring me,—any thing!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That I my anxious zeal may prove, 2315
 Your pangs to sooth and aid your love,
 A single moment will we not delay,
 Will lead you to her room this very day.

FAUST.

And shall I see her?—Have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

She to a neighbour's house will go; 2320
 But in her atmosphere alone,
 The tedious hours meanwhile you may employ,
 In blissful dreams of future joy.

FAUST.

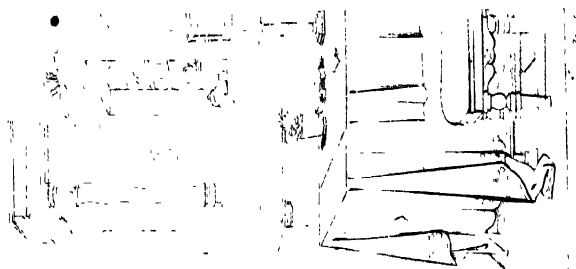
Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis yet too soon.

FAUST.

Some present for my love procure! (Exit.)



1875

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon! 'tis well! success is sure! 2325
 Full many a goodly place I know,
 And treasures buried long ago;
 I must a bit o'erlook them now. (Exit.)

Evening. A small and neat Room.

MARGARIT

(braiding and binding up her hair).

I would give something now to know,
 Who yonder gentleman could be! 2330
 He had a gallant air, I trow,
 And doubtless was of high degree:
 That written on his brow was seen—
 Nor else would he so bold have been. (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in! tread softly! be discreet! 2335

FAUST *(after a pause.)*

Begone and leave me, I entreat!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(looking round).*

Not every maiden is so neat. (Exit.)

FAUST *(gazing round).*

Welcome sweet twilight, calm and blest,
 That in this hallow'd precinct reigns! .
 Fond yearning love, inspire my breast, 2340
 Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains!
 What stillness here environs me!
 Content and order brood around.
 What fulness in this poverty!
 In this small cell what bliss profound! 2345
(He throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.)
 Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace,
 Welcome'd in joy and grief, the ages flown!
 How oft the children of a by-gone race,
 Have cluster'd round this patriarchal throne!
 Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear, 2350

For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possess'd,
 Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,
 Her grandsire's wither'd hand devoutly press'd.
 Maiden! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
 Breathing of order and abounding grace. 2355

~~As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee, •~~
~~The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,~~
~~To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.~~
~~Dear hand! so godlike in its ministry!~~
~~But becomes a paradise through thee!~~ 2360
 here— (*He raises the bed-curtain.*)

How thrills my pulse with strange delight!
 Here could I linger hours untold;
 Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright,
 The embryo angel here unfold. 2365
 Here lay the child, her bosom warm
 With life; while steeped in slumber's dew,
 To perfect grace, her godlike form,
 With pure and hallow'd weavings grew!

And thou! ah here what seekest thou? 2370
 How quails mine inmost being now!
 What wouldst thou here? what makes thy heart so sore?
 Unhappy Faust! I know thee now no more.

Do I a magic atmosphere inhale?
 Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay! 2375
 Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
 Are we the sport of every passing gale?

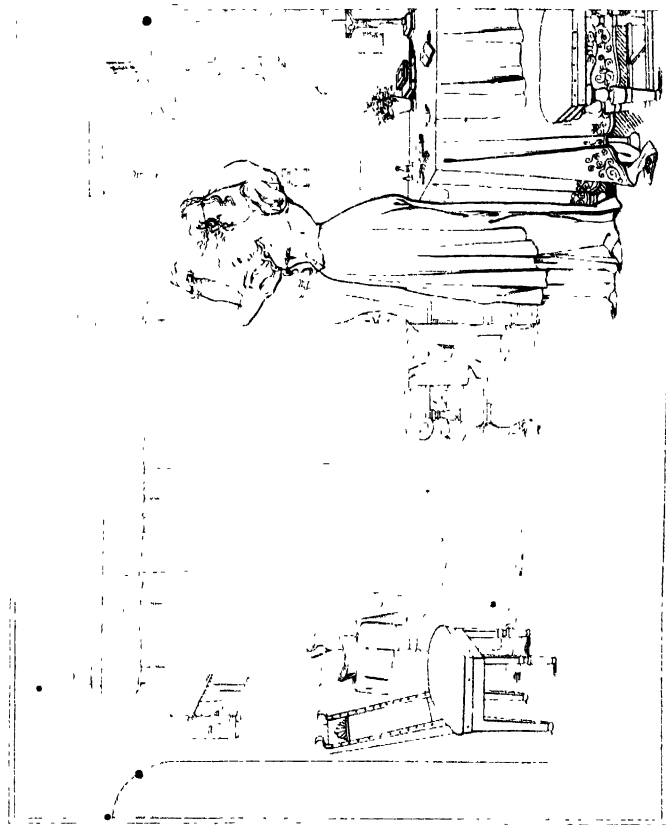
Should she return and enter now,
 How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame!
 Proud vaunter—thou wouldst hide thy brow,— 2380
 And at her feet sink down with shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! quick! below I see her there

FAUST.

Away! I will return no more!



MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a casket, with a store
Of jewels, which I got elsewhere. 2385
Just lay it in the press; make haste!
I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain;
Therein some trifles I have placed,
Wherewith another to obtain.
But child is child, and play is play. 2390

FAUST.

• I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you ask?
Perchance you would retain the treasure?
If such your wish, why then, I say,
Henceforth absolve me from my task,
Nor longer waste your hours of leisure. 2395
I trust you're not by avarice led!
I rub my hands, I scratch my head,—
(*He places the casket in the press and closes the lock.*)
Now quick! Away!
That soon the sweet young creature may
The wish and purpose of your heart obey; 2400
Yet stand you there
As would you to the lecture-room repair,
As if before you stood,
Arrayed in flesh and blood,
Physics and metaphysics weird and grey!— 2405
Away! (*Exeunt.*)

MARGARET (*with a lamp*).

• Here 'tis so close, so sultry now,
(*She opens the window.*)

Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.
I feel so strange, I know not how—
I wish my mother would come home.
Through me there runs a shuddering— 2410
I'm but a foolish timid thing!

(*While undressing herself she begins to sing.*)

There was a king in Thule,
True even to the grave;

To whom his dying mistress
A golden beaker gave. 2415

At every feast he drained it,
Naught was to him so dear,
And often as he drained it,
Gush'd from his eyes the tear.

When death came, unrepining, 2420
His cities o'er he told;
All to his heir resigning,
Except his cup of gold.

With many a knightly vassal
At a royal feast sat he, 2425
In yon proud hall ancestral,
In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
And quaff'd his last life's glow,
Then hurled the hallow'd goblet 2430
Into the flood below.

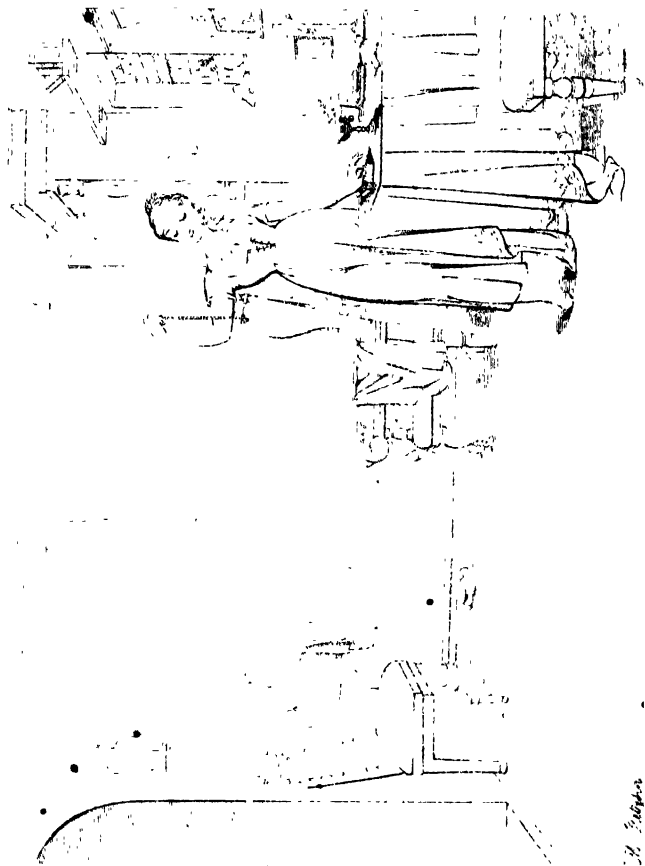
He saw it splashing, drinking,
And plunging in the sea;
His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
And never again drank he. 2435

*(She opens the press to put away her clothes, and
perceives the casket.)*

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
I locked, of that I'm confident.
'Tis very wonderful! What's in it I can't guess;
Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
And left in pledge for loan my mother lent. 2440

Here by a ribbon hangs a little key!
I have a mind to open it and see!
Heavens! only look! what have we here!
In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight!
Jewels! which any noble dame might wear, 2445
For some high pageant richly dight!

This chain—how would it look on me!
These splendid gems, whose may they be?
(She puts them on and steps before the glass.)



FAUST.

Were but the ear-rings only mine !
Thus one has quite another air. 2450
What boots it to be young and fair ?
It doubtless may be very fine ;
But then, alas, none cares for you,
And praise sounds half like pity too
Gold all doth lure, 2455
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor !

Promenade.

(**FAUST** walking thoughtfully up and down. *To him*
MEPHISTOPHELES.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By all rejected love ! By hellish fire I curse,
Would I knew aught to make my imprecation worse !

FAUST.

What aileth thee ? what chafes thee now so sore ? 2460
A face like that I never saw before !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd yield me to the devil instantly,
Did it not happen that myself am he !

FAUST.

There must be some disorder in thy wit !
To rave thus like a madman, is it fit ? 2465

MEPHISTOPHELES

Think ! only think ! 'The gems for Gretchen brought,
Therè's hath a priest now made his own !—
A glimpse of them the mother caught,
And 'gan with secret fear to groan.
The woman's scent is keen enough ; 2470
Doth ever in the prayer-book snuff ;
Smells every article to ascertain
Whether the thing is holy or profane,
And scented in the jewels rare,
That there was not much blessing there. 2475

"My child," she cries, "ill-gotten good
 Ensnares the soul, consumes the blood;
 With them we'll deck our Lady's shrine,
 She'll cheer our souls with bread divine!"
 At this poor Gretchen 'gan to pout;
 'Tis a gift-horse, at least, she thought,
 And sure, he godless cannot be,
 Who brought them here so cleverly.
 Straight for a priest the mother sent,
 Who, when he understood the jest,
 With what he saw was well content.
 "This shows a pious mind!" Quoth he:
 "Self-conquest is true victory.
 The Church hath a good stomach, she, with zest,
 Whole countries hath swallow'd down,
 And never yet a surfeit known.
 The Church alone, be it confessed,
 Daughters, can ill-got wealth digest."

2480

2485

2490

FAUST.

It is a general custom, too,
 Practised alike by king and jow.

2495

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that, clasp, chain, and ring, he swept
 As they were mushrooms; and the casket,
 Without one word of thanks, he kept,
 As if of nuts it were a basket.
 Promised reward in heaven, then forth he hied—
 And greatly they were edified.

2500

FAUST.

And Gretchen!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

In unquiet mood
 Knows neither what she would or should;
 The trinkets night and day thinks o'er,
 On him who brought them, dwells still more.

2505

FAUST.

The darling's sorrow grieves me, bring
 Another set without delay!
 The first, methinks, was no great thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All's to my gentleman child's play!

FAUST.

Plan all things to achieve my end! 2510
Engage the attention of her friend!
No milk-and-water devil be,
And bring fresh jewels instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, sir! Most gladly I'll obey.

(FAUST *exit*.)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your doting love-sick fool, with ease,
Merely his lady-love to please, 2515
Sun, moon, and stars in sport would puff away. (*Exit*.)

The Neighbour's House.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my dear husband, he
Doth not in truth act well by me!
Forth in the world abroad to roam, 2520
And leave me on the straw at home.
And yet his will I ne'er did thwart,
God knows, I lov'd him from my heart

(*She weeps.*)

Perchance he's dead!—oh wretched state!—
Had I but a certificate! 2525

(MARGARET *comes*).

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Gretchen?

MARGARET.

Only think!

My knees beneath me well-nigh sink!
Within my press I've found to-day,
Another case, of ebony.
And things—magnificent they are, 2530
More costly than the first, by far.

MARTHA.

You must not name it to your mother!
It would to shrift, just like the other.

MARGARET.

Nay look at them! now only see!

MARTHA (*dresses her up*).

Thou happy creature!

MARGARET.

Woe is me!

2535

Them in the street I cannot wear,
Or in the church, or any where.

MARTHA.

Come often over here to me,
The gems put on quite privately;
And then before the mirror walk an hour or so, 2540
Thus we shall have our pleasure too.
Then suitable occasions we must seize,
As at a feast, to show them by degrees:
A chain at first, pearl ear-drops then,—your mother
Won't see them, or we'll coin some tale or other. 2545

MARGARET.

But, who, I wonder, could the caskets bring?
I fear there's something wrong about the thing!
(*a knock*).

Good heavens! can that my mother be?

MARTHA (*peering through the blind*)

'Tis a strange gentleman, I see.
Come in!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *enters*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

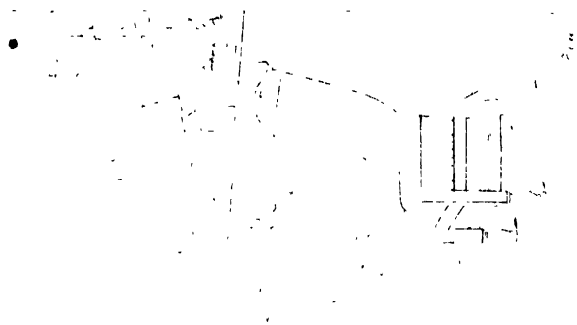
I've ventur'd to intrude to-day. 2550
Ladies, excuse the liberty, I pray.

(He steps back respectfully before MARGARET.)

After dame Martha Schwerdtlein I inquire!

MARTHA.

'Tis I. Pray what have you to say to me?



MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

I know you now,—and therefore will retire;
At present you've distinguished company. 2555
Pardon the freedom, Madam, with your leave,
I will make free to call again at eve.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Why, child, of all strange notions, he
For some grand lady taketh thee!

MARGARET.

I am, in truth, of humble blood— 2560
The gentleman is far too good—
Nor gems nor trinkets are my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh 'tis not the mere ornaments alone;
Her glance and mien far more betray.
Rejoiced I am that I may stay. 2565

MARTHA.

Your business, Sir? I long to know—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would I could happier tidings show!
I trust mine errand you'll not let me rue;
Your husband's dead, and greeteth you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? True heart! Oh misery! 2570
My husband dead! Oh, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Alas! good Martha! don't despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now listen to the sad affair!

MARGARET.

I for this cause should fear to love.
The loss may certain death would prove. 2575

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy still must sorrow, sorrow joy attend.

MARTHA.

Proceed, and tell the story of his end!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At Padua, in St. Anthony's,
In holy ground his body lies;
Quiet and cool his place of rest, 2580
With pious ceremonials blest.

MARTHA.

And had you naught besides to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! one grave and solemn prayer;
Let them for him three hundred masses sing!
But in my pockets, I have nothing there. 2585

MARTHA.

No trinket! no love-token did he send!
What every journeyman safe in his pouch will hoard
There for remembrance fondly stored,
And rather hungers, rather begs than spend!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, in truth, it grieves me sore, 2590
But he his gold not lavishly hath spent.
His failings too he deeply did repent,
Ay! and his evil plight bewail'd still more.

MARGARET.

Alas! That men should thus be doomed to woe!
I for his soul will many a requiem pray. 2595

MEPHISTOPHELES.

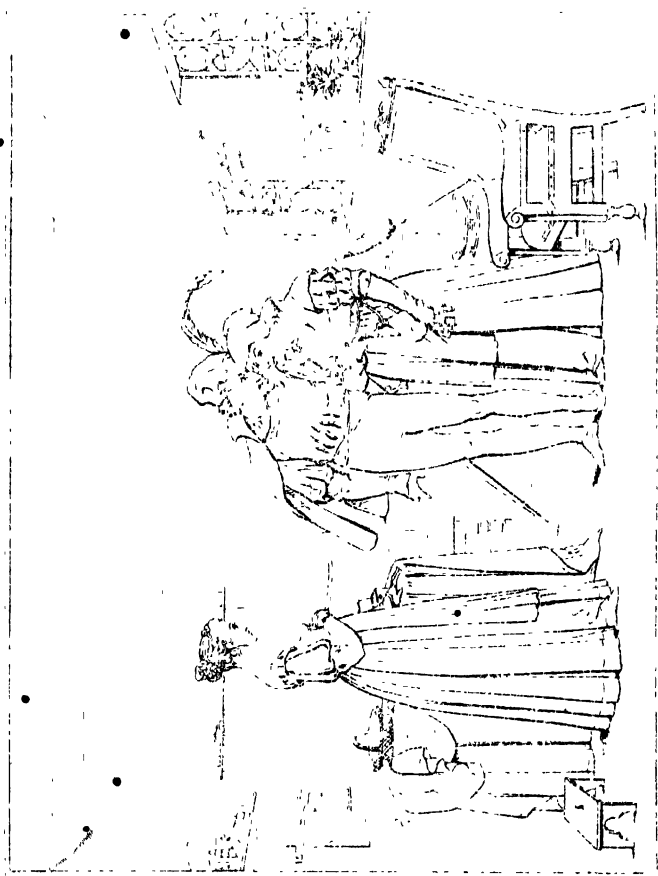
A husband you deserve this very day;
A child so worthy to be loved.

MARGARET.

Ah no,
That time hath not yet come for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a spouse, a gallant let it be.
Among heaven's choicest gifts, I place, 2600
So sweet a darling to embrace.



MARGARET.

Our land doth no such usage know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Usage or not, it happens so.

MARTHA.

Go on, I pray!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his bedside.

Something less foul it was than dung; 2605

"I was straw half rotten; yet, he as a Christian died.

And sorely hath remorse his conscience wrung.

"Wretch that I was," quoth he, with parting breath,

"So to forsake my business and my wife!

Ah! the remembrance is my death. 2610

Could I but have her pardon in this life!"—

MARTHA (*weeping*).

Dear soul! I've long forgiven him, indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Though she, God knows, was more to blame than I."

MARTHA.

He lied! What, on the brink of death to lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I am skill'd the countenance to read, 2615

He doubtless fabled as he parted hence.—

"No time had I to gape, or take my ease," he said,

"First to get children, and then get them bread;

And bread, too, in the very widest sense;

Nor could I eat in peace even my proper share." 2620

MARTHA.

What, all my truth, my love forgotten quite?

My weary drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so! He thought of you with tender care.

Quoth he: "Heaven knows how fervently I prayed, 2625

For wife and children when from Malta bound;—

The prayer hath heaven with favour crowned;

We took a Turkish vessel which conveyed
 Rich store of treasure for the Sultan's court;
 It's own reward our gallant action brought;
 'The captur'd prize was shared among the crew, 2630
 And of the treasure I received my due."

MARTHA.

How? Where? The treasure hath he buried, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where the four winds have blown it, who can say?
 In Naples as he stroll'd, a stranger there,—
 A comely maid took pity on my friend; 2635
 And gave such tokens of her love and care,
 That he retained them to his blessed end.

MARTHA.

Scoundrel! to rob his children of their bread!
 And all this misery, this bitter need,
 Could not his course of recklessness impede! 2640

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, he hath paid the forfeit, and is dead.
 Now were I in your place, my counsel hear;
 My weeds I'd wear for one chaste year,
 And for another lover meanwhile would look out.

MARTHA.

Alas, I might search far and near, 2645
 Not quickly should I find another like my first!
 There could not be a fonder fool than mine,
 Only he loved too well abroad to roam;
 Loved foreign women too, and foreign wine,
 And loved besides the dice accurs'd. 2650

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All had gone swimmingly, no doubt,
 Had he but given you at home,
 On his side, just as wide a range.
 Upon such terms, to you I swear,
 Myself with you would gladly rings exchange! 2655

MARTHA.

The gentleman is surely pleas'd to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Now to be off in time, were best!
She'd make the very devil marry her.

(*To MARGARET.*)

How fares it with your heart?

MARGARET.

How mean you, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The sweet young innocent!

(*aloud.*)

Ladies, farewell!

2660

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

But ere you leave us, quickly tell!
I from a witness fain had heard,
Where, how, and when my husband died and was interr'd.
To forms I've always been attached indeed,
His death I fain would in the journals read.

2665

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, madam, what two witnesses declare
Is held as valid everywhere;
A gallant friend I have, not far from here,
Who will for you before the judge appear.
I'll bring him straight.

MARTHA.

I pray you do!

2670

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady, we shall find her too?
A noble youth, far travelled, he
Shows to the sex all courtesy.

MARGARET.

I in his presence needs must blush for shame.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not in the presence of a crowned king!

2675

MARTHA.

The garden, then, behind my house, we'll name,
There we'll await you both this evening.

A Street.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How is it now? How speeds it? Is't in train?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you all aflame!
Gretchen full soon your own you'll name. 2680
This eve, at neighbour Martha's, her you'll meet again;
The woman seems expressly made
To drive the pimp and gipsy's trade.

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But from us she something would request.

FAUST.

A favour claims return as this world goes. 2685

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have on oath but duly to attest,
That her dead husband's limbs, outstretch'd, repose
In holy ground at Padua.

FAUST.

Sage indeed!
So I suppose we straight must journey there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas! For that no need! 2690
Without much knowledge we have but to swear.

FAUST.

If you have nothing better to suggest,
Against your plan I must at once protest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, holy man! methinks I have you there!
 In all your life say, have you ne'er 2695
 False witness borne, until this hour?
 Have you of God, the world, and all it doth contain,
 Of man, and that which worketh in his heart and brain,
 Not definitions given, in words of weight and power,
 With front unblushing, and a dauntless breast? 2700
 Yet, if into the depth of things you go,
 Touching these matters, it must be confess'd,
 As much as of Herr Schwerdtlein's death you know!

FAUST.

Thou art and dost remain liar and sophist too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, if one did not take a somewhat deeper view! 2705
 To-morrow, in all honour, thou
 Poor Gretchen wilt befool, and vow
 Thy soul's deep love, in lover's fashion.

FAUST.

And from my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All good and fair!
 Then deathless constancy thou'lt swear; 2710
 Speak of one all o'ermastering passion,—
 Will that too issue from the heart?

FAUST.

Forbear!

When passion sways me, and I seek to frame
 Fit utterance for feeling, deep, intense,
 And for my frenzy finding no fit name, 2715
 Sweep round the ample world with every sense,
 Grasp at the loftiest words to speak my flame,
 And call the glow, wherewith I burn,
 Quenchless, eternal, yea, eterne—
 Is that of sophistry a devilish play? 2720

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet am I right!

FAUST.

Mark this, my friend,
 And spare my lungs; who would the right maintain,
 And hath a tongue wherewith his point to gain,
 Will gain it in the end.
 But come, of gossip I am weary quite; 2725
 Because I've no resource, thou'rt in the right.

Garden.

MARGARET *on* FAUST's arm. MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES
walking up and down.

MARGARET.

I feel it, you but spare my ignorance,
 The gentleman to shame me, stoops thus low.
 A traveller from complaisance,
 Still makes the best of things; I know 2730
 Too well, my humble prattle never can
 Have power to entertain so wise a man.

FAUST.

One glance, one word from thee doth charm me more,
 Than the world's wisdom or the sage's lore.
(He kisses her hand.)

MARGARET.

Nay! trouble not yourself! A hand so coarse, 2735
 So rude as mine, how can you kiss!
 What constant work at home must I not do perforce!
 My mother too exacting is.
(They pass on.)

MARTHA.

Thus, sir, unceasing travel is your lot?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Traffic and duty urge us! With what pain 2740
 Are we compelled to leave full many a spot,
 Where yet we dare not once remain!

MARTHA.

In youth's wild years, with vigour crown'd,
 'Tis not amiss thus through the world to sweep;
 But ah, the evil days come round! 2745

And to a lonely grave as bachelor to creep,
A pleasant thing has no one found.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The prospect fills me with dismay.

MARTHA.

Therefore in time, dear sir, reflect, I pray.

(They pass on.)

MARGARET.

• Ay, out of sight is out of mind ! 2750
Politeness easy is to you ;
Friends everywhere, and not a few,
Wiser than I am, you will find.

FAUST.

O dearest, trust me, what doth pass for sense
Full oft is self-conceit and blindness !

MARGARET.

How ? 2755

FAUST.

Simplicity and holy innocence,—
When will ye learn your hallow'd worth to know !
Ah, when will meekness and humility,
Kind and all-bounteous nature's loftiest dower—

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think of me ! 2760
To think of you I shall have many an hour.

FAUST.

You are perhaps much alone ?

MARGARET.

Yes, small our household is, I own,
Yet must I see to it. No maid we keep,
And I must cook, sew, knit, and sweep, 2765
Still early on my feet and late ;
My mother is in all things, great and small,
So accurate !
Not that for thrift there is such pressing need ;
Than others we might make more show indeed ; 2770

My father left behind a small estate,
 A house and garden near the city-wall.
 But fairly quiet now my days, I own;
 As soldier is my brother gone;
 My little sister's dead; the babe to rear 2775
 Occasion'd me some care and fond annoy;
 But I would go through all again with joy,
 The darling was to me so dear.

FAUST.

An angel, sweet, if it resembled thee!

MARGARET.

I reared it up, and it grew fond of me. 2780
 After my father's death it saw the day;
 We gave my mother up for lost, she lay
 In such a wretched plight, and then at length
 So very slowly she regain'd her strength.
 Weak as she was, 'twas vain for her to try 2785
 Herself to suckle the poor babe, so I
 Reared it on milk and water all alone;
 And thus the child became as 'twere my own;
 Within my arms it stretched itself and grew,
 And smiling, nestled in my bosom too. 2790

FAUST.

Doubtless the purest happiness was thine.

MARGARET.

But many weary hours, in sooth, were also mine.
 At night its little cradle stood
 Close to my bed; so was I wide awake
 If it but stirred; 2795
 One while I was obliged to give it food,
 Or to my arms the darling take;
 From bed full oft must rise, whene'er its cry I heard,
 And, dancing it, must pace the chamber to and fro;
 Stand at the wash-tub early; forthwith go 2800
 To market, and then mind the cooking too—
 To-morrow like to-day, the whole year through.
 Ah, sir, thus living, it must be confess'd
 One's spirits are not always of the best;
 Yet it a relish gives to food and rest. (They pass on.)

MARTHA.

Poor women! we are badly off, I own;
A bachelor's conversion's hard, indeed! 2806

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, with one like you it rests alone,
To tutor me a better course to lead.

MARTHA.

Speak frankly, sir, none is there you have met? 2810
Has your heart ne'er attach'd itself as yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One's own fire-side and a good wife are gold
And pearls of price, so says the proverb old.

MARTHA.

I mean, has passion never stirred your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've everywhere been well received, I own. 2815

MARTHA.

Yet hath your heart no earnest preference known?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ladies one should ne'er presume to jest.

MARTHA.

Ah! you mistake!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm sorry I'm so blind!
But this I know—that you are very kind.

(They pass on.)

FAUST.

Me. little angel, didst thou recognise, 2820
When in the garden first I came?

MARGARET.

Did you not see it? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST.

Thou dost forgive my boldness, dost not blame
The liberty I took that day,
When thou from church didst lately wend thy way? 2825

MARGARET.

I was confused. So had it never been ;
 No one of me could any evil say.
 Alas, thought I, he doubtless in thy mien,
 Something unmaidenly or bold hath seen ?
 It seemed as if it struck him suddenly, 2830
 Here's just a girl with whom one may make free !
 Yet I must own that then I scarcely knew
 What in your favour here began at once to plead ;
 Yet I was angry with myself indeed,
 That I more angry could not feel with you. 2835

FAUST.

Sweet love !

MARGARET.

Just wait awhile !
(She gathers a star-flower and plucks off the leaves one after another.)

FAUST.

A nosegay may that be ?

MARGARET.

No ! It is but a game.

FAUST.

How ?

MARGARET.

Go, you'll laugh at me !
(She plucks off the leaves and murmurs to herself.)

FAUST.

What murmurest thou ?

MARGARET *(half aloud)*.

He loves me,—loves me not.

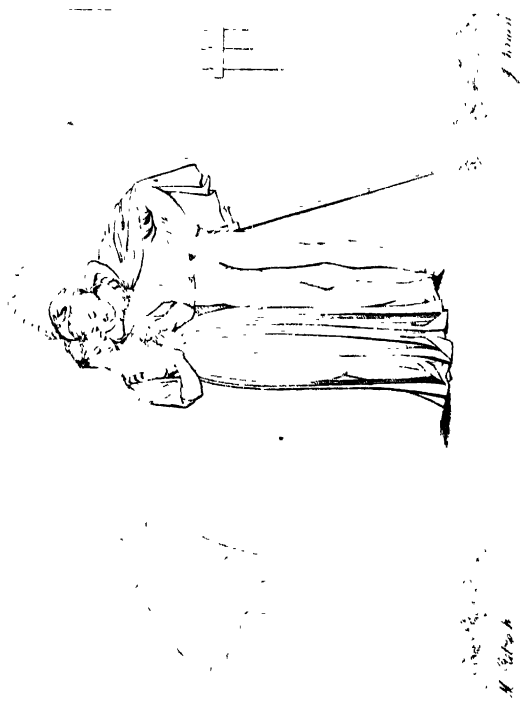
FAUST.

Sweet angel, with thy face of heavenly bliss !

MARGARET *(continues)*.

He loves me—not—he loves me—not—

(plucking off the last leaf with fond joy.)
 He loves me !



FAUST.

Yes!

And this flower-language, darling, let it be, 2841
A heavenly oracle! He loveth thee!
Know'st thou the meaning of, He loveth thee?
(*He seizes both her hands.*)

MARGARET.

I tremble so!

FAUST.

Nay! do not tremble, love!
Let this hand-pressure, let this glance reveal 2845
Feelings, all power of speech above;
To give oneself up wholly and to feel
A joy that must eternal prove!
Eternal!—Yes, its end would be despair.
No end!—It cannot end! 2850

(*MARGARET presses his hand, extricates herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*)

MARTHA (*approaching*).

Night's closing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we'll presently away.

MARTHA.

I would entreat you longer yet to stay;
But 'tis a wicked place, just here about;
It is as if the folk had nothing else to do,
Nothing to think of too, 2855
But gaping watch their neighbours, who goes in and out;
And scandal's busy still, do whatso'er one may.
And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have flown up there.
The wanton butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems to take to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him. 'Tis of the world the way! 2860

A Summer-House.

(MARGARET runs in, hides behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lip, and peeps through the crevice.)

MARGARET.

He comes!

FAUST.

Ah, little rogue, so thou
Think'st to provoke me! I have caught thee now!
(*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET.

(*embracing him, and returning the kiss.*)
Dearest of men! I love thee from my heart!

(MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.)

FAUST (*stamping*).

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend!

FAUST.

A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time to part.

MARTHA (*comes*).

Ay, it is late, good sir.

FAUST.

Mayn't I attend you, then? 2865

MARGARET.

Oh no—my mother would—adieu, adieu!

FAUST.

And must I really then take leave of you?
Farewell!

MARTHA.

Good-bye!

MARGARET.

Ere long to meet again!
(*Exit FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*)



MARGARET.

Good heavens! how all things far and near
Must fill his mind,—a man like this! 2870
Abash'd before him I appear,
And say to all things only, yes.
Poor simple child, I cannot see,
What 'tis that he can find in me. (Exit.)

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST (*alone*).

' Spirit sublime! Thou gav'st me, gav'st me all 2875
For which I prayed! Not vainly hast thou turn'd
To me thy countenance in flaming fire:
Gavest me glorious nature for my realm,
And also power to feel her and enjoy;
Not merely with a cold and wondering glance, 2880
Thou dost permit me in her depths profound,
As in the bosom of a friend to gaze.
Before me thou dost lead her living tribes,
And dost in silent grove, in air and stream
Teach me to know my kindred. And when roars 2885
The howling storm-blast through the groaning wood,
Wrenching the giant pine, which in its fall
Crashing sweeps down its neighbour trunks and boughs,
While hollow thunder from the hill resounds:
Then thou dost lead me to some shelter'd cave, 2890
Dost there reveal me to myself, and show
Of my own bosom the mysterious depths.
And when with soothing beam, the moon's pale orb
Full in my view climbs up the pathless sky,
From crag and dewy grove, the silvery forms 2895
Of by-gone ages hover, and assuage
The joy austere of contemplative thought.
Oh, that naught perfect is assign'd to man,
I feel, alas! With this exalted joy,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods, 2900
Thou gav'st me this companion, unto whom
I needs must cling, though cold and insolent,
He still degrades me to myself, and turns
Thy glorious gifts to nothing, with a breath.

FAUST.

Dost comprehend what bliss without alloy
From this wild wand'ring in the desert springs?—
Couldst thou but guess the new life-power it brings,
Thou wouldst be fiend enough to envy me my joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What super-earthly ecstasy! at night, 2940
To lie in darkness on the dewy height,
Embracing heaven and earth in rapture high,
The soul dilating to a deity;
With prescient yearnings pierce the core of earth,
Feel in your labouring breast the six-days' birth, 2945
Enjoy, in proud delight what no one knows,
While your love-rapture o'er creation flows,—
The earthly lost in beatific vision,
And then the lofty intuition—

(with a gesture.)

I need not tell you how—to close! 2950

FAUST.

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This displeases you? "For shame!"
You are forsooth entitled to exclaim;
We to chaste ears it seems must not pronounce
What, nathless, the chaste heart cannot renounce.
Well, to be brief, the joy as fit occasions rise, 2955
I grudge you not, of specious lies.
But long this mood thou'lt not retain.
Already thou'rt again outworn,
And should this last, thou wilt be torn
By frenzy or remorse and pain. 2960
Enough of this! Thy true love dwells apart,
And all to her seems flat and tame;
Alone thine image fills her heart,
She loves thee with an all-devouring flame.
First came thy passion with o'erpowering rush, 2965
Like mountain torrent, swollen by the melted snow;
Full in her heart didst pour the sudden gush,
Now has thy brooklet ceased to flow.

Instead of sitting throned midst forests wild,
 It would become so great a lord 2970
 To comfort the enamour'd child,
 And the young monkey for her love reward.
 To her the hours seem miserably long;
 She from the window sees the clouds float by
 As o'er the lofty city-walls they fly. 2975
 "If I a birdie were!" so runs her song,
 Half through the night and all day long.
 Cheerful sometimes, more oft at heart full sore;
 Fairly outwept seem now her tears,
 Anon she tranquil is, or so appears, 2980
 And love-sick evermore.

FAUST.

Snake! Serpent vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Good! If I catch thee with my guile!

FAUST.

Vile reprobate! go get thee hence;
 Forbear the lovely girl to name! 2985
 Nor in my half-distracted sense,
 Smoulder anew the smouldering flame!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wouldst thou! She thinks you've taken flight;
 It seems, she's partly in the right.

FAUST.

I'm near her still—and should I distant rove, 2990
 Her I can ne'er forget, ne'er lose her love;
 And all things touch'd by those sweet lips of hers,
 Even the very Host; my envy stirs.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well! I oft have envied you indeed,
 The twin-pair that among the roses feed. 2995

FAUST.

Pander, avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go to! I laugh, the while you rail.
 The power which fashion'd youth and maid,

Well understood the noble trade ;
 So neither shall occasion fail.
 But hence !—A mighty grief I trow ! 3000
 Unto thy lov'd one's chamber thou
 And not to death shouldst go.

• FAUST.

What is to me heaven's joy within her arms ?
 What though my life her bosom warms !—
 Do I not ever feel her woe ? 3005
 •The outcast am I not, unhoused, unblest,
 Inhuman monster, without aim or rest,
 Who, like the greedy surge, from rock to rock,
 Sweeps down the dread abyss with desperate shock ?
 While she, within her lowly cot, which graced 3010
 The Alpine slope, beside the waters wild,
 Her homely cares in that small world embraced,
 Secluded lived, a simple artless child.
 Was't not enough, in thy delirious whirl
 To blast the stedfast rocks ; 3015
 Her, and her peace as well,
 Must I, God-hated one, to ruin hurl !
 Dost claim this holocaust, remorseless Hell !
 Fiend, help me to cut short the hours of dread !
 Let what must happen, happen speedily ! 3020
 Her direful doom fall crushing on my head,
 And into ruin let her plunge with me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

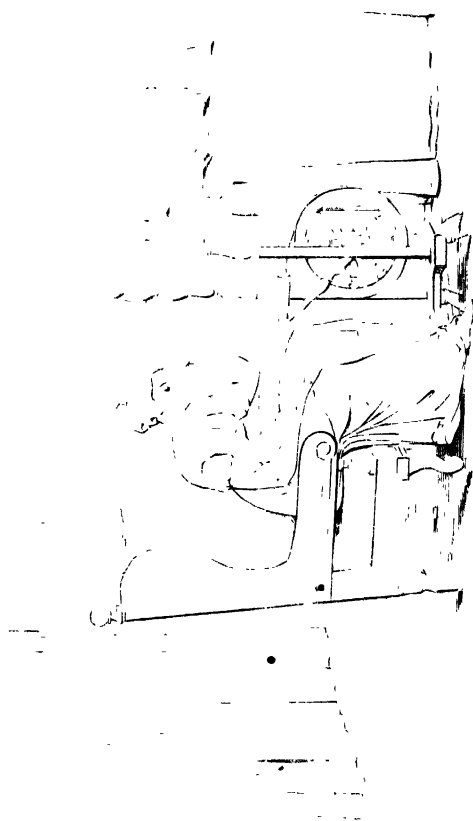
Why how again it seethes and glows !
 Away, thou fool ! Her torment ease !
 When such a head no issue sees, 3025
 It pictures straight the final close. •
 Long life to him who boldly dares !
 A devil's pluck thou'rt wont to show ;
 As for a devil who despairs,
 • Nothing I find so mawkish here below, 3030

MARGARET'S Room.

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning wheel*).

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore,

I find it never, And nevermore !	
Where him I have not, Is the grave ; and all The world to me Is turned to gall.	3035
My wilder'd brain Is overwrought ; My feeble senses Are distraught.	3040
My peace is gone, My heart is sore, I find it never, And nevermore !	3045
For him from the window I gaze, at home ; For him and him only Abroad I roam.	3050
His lofty step, His bearing high, The smile of his lip, The power of his eye,	
His witching words, Their tones of bliss, His hand's fond pressure, And ah—his kiss !	3055
My peace is gone, My heart is sore, I find it never, And nevermore.	3060
My bosom aches To feel him near ; Ah, could I clasp And fold him here !	3065
Kiss him and kiss him Again would I, And on his kisses I fain would die !	3070



MARTHA's Garden.

MARGARET and FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry!

FAUST.

What I can!

MARGARET.

How thy religion fares, I fain would hear.
Thou art a good kind-hearted man,
Only that way not well-disposed, I fear.

FAUST.

Forbear, my child! Thou feelst thee I love; 3075
My heart, my blood I'd give, my love to prove,
And none would of their faith or church bereave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough, we must ourselves believe!

FAUST.

Must we?

MARGARET.

Ah, could I but thy soul inspire!
Thou honourest not the sacraments, alas! 3080

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But yet without desire;
'Tis long since thou hast been either to shrift or mass.
Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who dares say,

Yes, I in God believe?

Question or priest or sage, and they 3085
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe?

FAUST.

Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive!
 Him who dare name?
 And who proclaim, 3090
 Him I believe?
 Who that can feel,
 His heart can steel,
 To say: I believe him not?
 The All-ombracer, 3095
 All-sustainer,
 Holds and sustains he not
 Thee, me, himself?
 Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
 Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie? 3100
 And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
 Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
 Do we not gaze into each other's eyes?
 Nature's impenetrable agencies,
 Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain, 3105
 Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
 Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
 Fill thence thy heart, how large soe'er it be;
 And in the feeling when thou utterest art blest,
 Then call it, what thou wilt,— 3110
 Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
 I have no name for it!
 'Tis feeling all;
 Name is but sound and smoke
 Shrouding the glow of heaven. 3115

MARGARET.

All this is doubtless good and fair;
 Almost the same the parson says,
 Only in slightly different phrase.

FAUST.

Beneath Heaven's sunshine, everywhere,
 This is the utterance of the human heart;
 Each in his language doth the like impart;
 Then why not I in mine? 3120

MARGARET.

What thus I hear
Sounds plausible, yet I'm not reconciled;
There's something wrong about it; much I fear
That thou art not a Christian.

FAUST.

My sweet child!

3125

MARGARET.

Alas! it long hath sorely troubled me,
To see thee in such odious company.

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man who comes with thee, I hate,
Yea, in my spirit's inmost depths abhor;
As his loath'd visage, in my life before,
Naught to my heart e'er gave a pang so great.

3130

FAUST.

Him fear ~~not~~ my sweet love!

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood.
Towards all beside I have a kindly mood;
Yet, though I yearn to gaze on thee, I feel
At sight of him strange horror o'er me steal;
That he's a villain my conviction's strong.
May Heaven forgive me, if I do him wrong!

3135

FAUST.

Yet such strange fellows in the world must be!

MARGARET.

I would not live with such an one as he.

If for a moment he but enter here,

3140

He looks around him with a mocking sneer,

And malice ill-conceal'd;

That he, with naught on earth can sympathize is clear;

Upon his brow 'tis legibly revealed,

That to his heart no living soul is dear

3145

So blest I feel, within thine arms,

So warm and happy,—free from all alarms ;
And still my heart doth close when he comes near.

FAUST.

Foreboding angel! check thy fear!

MARGARET.

It so o'ermasters me, that when, 3150
Or wheresoe'er, his step I hear,
I almost think, no more I love thee then.
Besides, when he is near, I ne'er could pray,
This eats into my heart; with thee
The same, my Henry, it must be. 3155

FAUST.

This is antipathy!

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUST.

For one brief hour then may I never rest,
And heart to heart, and soul to soul be pressed!

MARGARET.

Ah, if I slept alone! To-night
The bolt I fain would leave undrawn for thee; 3160
But then my mother's sleep is light,
Were we surprised by her, ah me!
Upon the spot I should be dead.

FAUST.

Dear angel! there's no cause for dread.
Here is a little phial,—if she take 3165
Mixed in her drink three drops, 'twill steep
Her nature in a deep and soothing sleep.

MARGARET.

What do I not for thy dear sake!
To her it will not harmful prove?

FAUST.

Should I advise it else, sweet love? 3170



MARGARET.

I know not, dearest, when thy face I see,
What doth my spirit to thy will constrain;
Already I have done so much for thee,
That scarcely more to do doth now remain.

(Exit.)

(MEPHISTOPHELES enters).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey! Is she gone?

FAUST.

Again hast played the spy? 3175

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of all that pass'd I'm well apprized,
I heard the doctor catechised,
And trust he'll profit much thereby!
Fain would the girls inquire indeed
Touching their lover's faith and creed, 3180
And whether pious in the good old way;
They think, if pliant there, us too he will obey.

FAUST.

Thou monster, dost not see that this
Pure soul, possessed by ardent love,
Full of the living faith, 3185
To her of bliss
The only pledge, must holy anguish prove,
Holding the man she loves, fore-doomed to endless death!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sensual, supersensualist? The while
A damsel leads thee by the nose! 3190

FAUST.

Of filth and fire abortion vile!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy strange skill she shows;
She in my presence feels she knows not how;
My mask it seems a hidden sense reveals;
That I'm a genius she must needs allow, 3195

That I'm the very devil perhaps she feels.
So then to-night—

FAUST.

What's that to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my amusement in it too!

At the Well.

MARGARET and BESSY, *with pitchers.*

BESSY.

Of Barbara hast nothing heard?

MARGARET.

I rarely go from home,—no, not a word. 3200

BESSY.

'Tis true: Sybilla told me so to-day!
That comes of being proud, methinks;
She played the fool at last.

MARGARET.

How so?

BESSY.

They say
That two she feedeth when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Alas!

BESSY.

She's rightly served, in sooth. 3205
How long she hung upon the youth!
What promenades, what jaunts there were,
To dancing booth and village fair!
The first she everywhere must shine,
He always treating her to pastry and to wine. 3210
Of her good looks she was so vain,
So shameless too, that to retain
His presents, she did not disdain;
Sweet words and kisses came anon—
And then the virgin flower was gone! 3215

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

BESSY.

Forsooth dost pity her?

At night, when at our wheels we sat,
Abroad our mothers ne'er would let us stir.
Then with her lover she must chat,
Or on the bench, or in the dusky walk, 3220
Thinking the hours too brief for their sweet talk;
Her proud head she will have to bow,
And in white sheet do penance now!

MARGARET.

But he will surely marry her?

BESSY.

Not he!

He won't be such a fool! a gallant lad 3225
Like him, can roam o'er land and sea,
Besides, he's off.

MARGARET.

That is not fair!

BESSY.

If she should get him, 'twere almost as bad!
Her myrtle wreath the boys would tear;
And then we girls would plague her too, 3230
For we chopp'd straw before her door would strew!
(Exit.)

MARGARET (*walking towards home*).

How stoutly once I could inveigh,
If a poor maiden went astray!
Not words enough my tongue could find,
'Gainst others' sin to speak my mind! 3235
Black as it seemed, I blacken'd it still more,
And strove to make it blacker than before.
And did myself securely bless—
Now my own trespass doth appear!
Yet ah!—what urg'd me to transgress, 3240
God knows, it was so sweet, so dear!

ZWINGER.

Enclosure between the City-wall and the Gate.

(In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater dolorosa, with flower-pots before it.)

MARGARET (*putting fresh flowers in the pots*).

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!
The sword in thy pierced heart, 8245
Thou dost with bitter smart,
Gaze upwards on thy Son's death agony.

To the dear God on high,
Ascends thy piteous sigh,
Pleading for his and thy sore misery. 8250

Ah, who can know
The torturing woe,
The pangs that rack me to the bone?
How my poor heart, without relief,
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief 8255
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, wheresoe'er I go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My anguish'd breast is aching!
When all alone I creep, 8260
I weep, I weep, I weep,
Alas! my heart is breaking!

The flower-pots at my window
Were wet with tears of mine,
The while I pluck'd these blossoms, 8265
At dawn to deck thy shrine!

When early in my chamber
Shone bright the rising morn,
I sat there on my pallet,
My heart with anguish torn. 8270

Help! from disgrace and death deliver me!
Ah! rich in sorrow, thou,
Stoop thy maternal brow,
And mark with pitying eye my misery!



Night. Street before MARGARET's door.

VALENTINE (*a soldier, MARGARET's brother*).

When seated 'mong the jovial crowd 3275

Where merry comrades boasting loud,

Each named with pride his favourite lass,

And in her honour drain'd his glass;

Upon my elbows I would lean,

With easy quiet view the scene, 3280

Nor give my tongue the rein, until

Each swaggering blade had talked his fill.

Then smiling I my beard would stroke,

The while, with brimming glass, I spoke;

"Each to his taste!—but to my mind, 3285

Where in the country will you find,

A maid, as my dear Gretchen fair,

Who with my sister can compare?"

Cling! Clang! so rang the jovial sound!

Shouts of assent went circling round; 3290

Pride of her sex is ~~die~~—cried some;

There were the ~~wise~~ ^{wise} boasters dumb.

And now!—I could tear out my hair,
Or dash my brains out in despair!—

Me every scurvy knave may twit, 3295

With stinging jest and taunting sneer!

Like skulking debtor I must sit,

And sweat each casual word to hear!

And though I smash'd them one and all,—

Yet them I could not liars call. 3300

Who comes this way? who's sneaking here?

If I mistake not, two draw near.

If he be one, have at him;—well I wot

Alive he shall not leave this spot!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How from yon sacristy, athwart the night, 3305

Its beams the ever-burning taper throws,

While ever waning, fades the glimmering light,

As gathering darkness doth around it close!
So night-like gloom doth in my bosom reign.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm like a tom-cat in a thievish vein, 3310
That up fire-ladders tall and steep,
And round the walls doth slyly creep;
Virtuous withal, I feel, with, I confess,
A touch of thievish joy and wantonness.
Thus through my limbs already burns 3315
The glorious Walpurgis night!
After to-morrow it returns,
Then why one wakes, one knows aright!

FAUST.

Meanwhile, the treasure I see glimmering there,
Will it ascend into the open air? 3320

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ere long thou wilt proceed with pleasure,
To raise the casket with its treasure;
I took a peep, therein are stored,
Of lion-dollars a rich hoard.

FAUST.

And not a trinket? not a ring? 3325
Wherewith my lovely girl to deck?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw among them some such thing,
A string of pearls to grace her neck.

FAUST.

'Tis well! I'm always loath to go,
Without some gift my love to show. 3330

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Some pleasures gratis to enjoy,
Should surely cause you no annoy.
While bright with stars the heavens appear,
I'll sing a masterpiece of art:
A moral song shall charm her ear, 3335
More surely to beguile her heart.

(*Sings to the guitar*).

Kathrina say,
Why lingering stay
At dawn of day
Before your lover's door? 8340
Maiden, beware,
Nor enter there,
Lest forth you fare,
A maiden never more.

Maiden take heed! 8345
Reck well my redo!
Is't done, the deed?
Good night, you poor, poor thing!
The spoiler's lies,
His arts despise, 8350
Nor yield your prize,
Without the marriage ring!

VALENTINE (*steps forward*).

Whom are you luring here? I'll give it you!
Accursed rat-catchers, your strains I'll end!
First, to the devil the guitar I'll send! 8355
Then to the devil with the singer too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The poor guitar! 'tis done for now.

VALENTINE.

Your skull shall follow next, I trow!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Faust*).

Doctor, stand fast! your strength collect!
Be prompt, and do as I direct. 8360
Out with your whisk! keep close, I pray,
I'll parry! do you thrust away!

VALENTINE.

Then parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not?

VALENTINE.

That too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease!

VALENTINE.

The devil fights for you!

Why how is this? my hand's already lamed!

3365

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Thrust home!

VALENTINE (*falls*).

Alas!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There! Now the lubber's tamed!

But quick, away! We must at once take wing;

A cry of murder strikes upon the ear;

With the police I know my course to steer,

But with the blood-ban 'tis another thing.

3370

MARTHA (*at the window*).

Without! without!

MARGARET (*at the window*).

Quick, bring a light!

MARTHA (*as above*).

They rail and scuffle, scream and fight!

PEOPLE.

One lieth here already dead!

MARTHA (*coming out*).

Where are the murderers? are they fled?

MARGARET (*coming out*).

Who lieth here?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son.

3375

MARGARET.

Almighty God! I am undone!

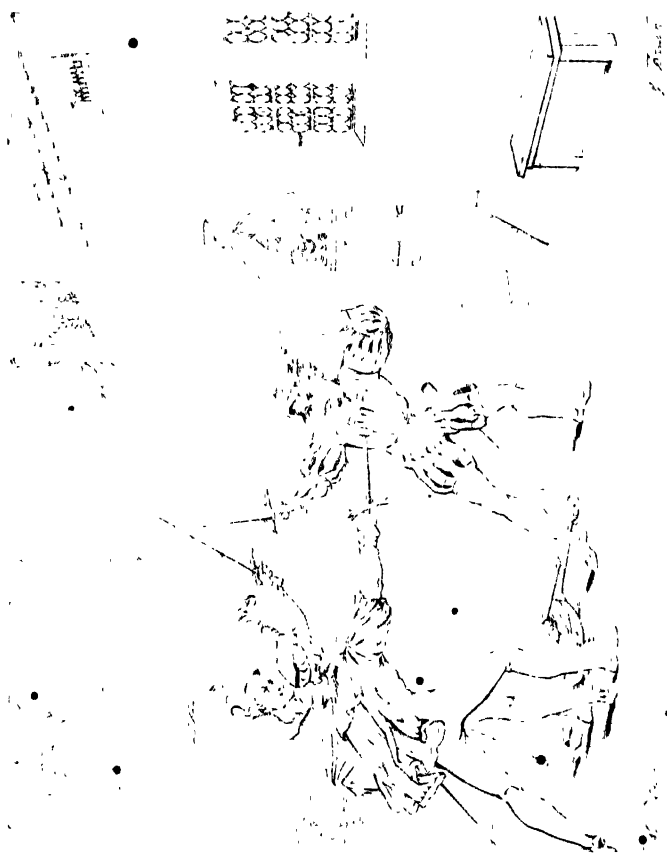
VALENTINE.

I'm dying—'tis a soon-told tale,

And sooner done the deed.

Why, women, do ye howl and wail?

To my last words give heed! (*All gather round him*). 3380



My Gretchen, see ! still young art thou,
 Art not discreet enough, I trow,
 Thou dost thy matters ill ;
 Let this in confidence be said :
 Since thou the path of shame dost tread, 3385
 Tread it with right good will !

MARGARET.

My brother ! God ! what can this mean ?

• VALENTINE

Abstain,

Nor dare God's holy name profane !
 What's done, alas, is done and past !
 Matters will take their course at last ; 3390
 By stealth thou dost begin with one,
 Others will follow him anon ;

And when a dozen thee have known,
 Thou'lt common be to all the town.
 When infamy is newly born, 3395
 In secret she is brought to light,
 And the mysterious veil of night

O'er head and ears is drawn ;
 The loathsome birth men fain would slay ;
 But soon, full grown, she waxes bold, 3400
 And though not fairer to behold,
 With brazen front insults the day :
 The more abhorrent to the sight,
 The more she courts the day's pure light,

The time already I discern, 3405
 When thee all honest folk will spurn,
 And shun thy hated form to meet,

As when a corpse infects the street.
 Thy heart will sink in blank despair,
 When they shall look thee in the face ! 3410
 'A golden chain no more thou'lt wear !
 Nor near the altar take in church thy place !
 In fair lace collar simply dight

Thou'lt dance no more with spirits light !
 In darksome corners thou wilt bide, 3415
 Where beggars vile and cripples hide,

And e'en though God thy crime forgive,
On earth, a thing accursed, thou'lt live!

MARTHA.

Your parting soul to God commend!
Your dying breath in slander will you spend? 8420

VALENTINE.

Could I but reach thy wither'd frame,
Thou wretched beldame, void of shame!
Full measure I might hope to win
Of pardon then for every sin.

MARGARET.

Brother! what agonizing pain! 8425

VALENTINE.

I tell thee! from vain tears abstain!
'Twas thy dishonour pierced my heart,
Thy fall the fatal death-stab gave.
Through the death-sleep I now depart
To God, a soldier true and brave. (*dies.*) 3430

Cathedral.

Service, Organ, and Anthem.

MARGARET amongst a number of people.

EVIL-SPIRIT behind MARGARET.

EVIL-SPIRIT.

How different, Gretchen, was it once with thee,
When thou, still full of innocence,
Here to the altar camest,
And from the small and well-conn'd book
Didst lisp thy prayer, 3435
Half childish sport,
Half God in thy young heart!
Gretchen!
What thoughts are thine?
What deed of shame 3440
Lurks in thy sinful heart?

Is thy prayer utter'd for thy mother's soul,
Who into long, long torment slept through thee?



FAUST.

135

Whose blood is on thy threshold?
—And stirs there not already 'neath thy heart 3445
Another quick'ning pulse, that even now
Tortures itself and thee
With its foreboding presence?

MARGARET.

Woe! Woe!
Oh could I free me from the thoughts 3450
That hither, thither, crowd upon my brain,
Against my will!

CHORUS.

*Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*
(The organ sounds.)

EVIL-SPIRIT.

Grim horror seizes thee! 3455
The trumpet sounds!
The graves are shaken!
And thy heart
From ashy rest
For torturing flames 3460
Anew created,
Trembles into life!

MARGARET.

Would I were hence!
It is as if the organ
Choked my breath, 3465
As if the choir
Melted my inmost heart!

CHORUS.

*Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.* 3470

MARGARET.

I feel oppressed!
The pillars of the wall
Imprison me!

The vaulted roof
Weighs down upon me!—air! 3475

EVIL-SPIRIT.

Wouldst hide thee? sin and shame
Remain not hidden!
Air! light!
Woe's thee!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? 3480
Quem patronum rogaturus!
Cum vix justus sit securus.

EVIL-SPIRIT.

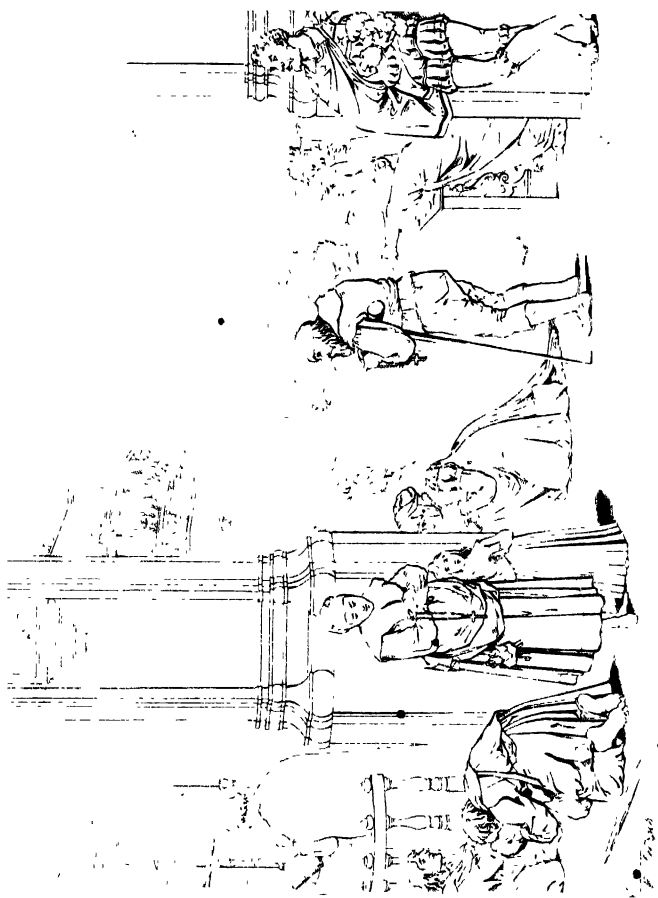
The glorified their faces turn
Away from thee!
Shudder the pure to reach 3485
Their hands to thee!
Woe!

CHORUS.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus—

MARGARET.

Neighbour! your smelling bottle!
(*She swoons away.*)



WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

*The Hartz Mountains.**District of Schierke and Elend.*

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A broomstick dost thou not at least desire? 3490
 The roughest he-goat fain would I bestride,
 By this road from our goal we're still far wide.

FAUST.

While fresh upon my legs, so long I naught require,
 Except this knotty staff. Beside,
 What boots it to abridge a pleasant way? 3495
 Along the labyrinth of these vales to creep,
 Then scale these rocks, whence, in eternal spray,
 Adown the cliffs the silvery fountains leap:
 Such is the joy that seasons paths like these!
 Spring weaves already in the birchen trees; 3500
 E'en the late pine-grove feels her quickening powers;
 Should she not work within these limbs of ours?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Naught of this genial influence do I know!
 Within me all is wintry. Frost and snow
 I should prefer my dismal path to bound. 3505
 How sadly, yonder, with belated glow
 Rises the ruddy moon's imperfect round,
 Shedding so faint a light, at every tread
 One's sure to stumble 'gainst a rock or tree!
 An Ignis Fatuus I must call instead. 3510
 Yonder one burning merrily, I see.
 Holla! my friend! may I request your light?
 Why should you flare away so uselessly?
 Be kind enough to show us up the height!

IGNIS FATUUS.

Through reverence, I hope I may subdue 3515

The lightness of my nature; true,
Our course is but a zigzag one.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ho! ho!

So men, forsooth, he thinks to imitate!
Now, in the devil's name, for once go straight!
Or out at once your flickering life I'll blow. 3520

IGNIS FATUUS.

That you are master here is obvious quite;
To do your will, I'll cordially essay;
Only reflect! The hill is magic-mad to-night;
And if to show the path you choose a meteor's light,
You must not wonder should we go astray. 3525

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, IGNIS FATUUS

• (in alternate song).

Through the dream and magic-sphere,
As it seems, we now are speeding;
Honour win, us rightly leading,
That betimes we may appear
In yon wide and desert region! 3530

Trees on trees, a stalwart legion,
Swiftly past us are retreating,
And the cliffs with lowly greeting;
Rocks long-snouted, row on row,
How they snort, and how they blow! 3535

Through the stones and heather springing,
Brook and brooklet haste below;
Hark the rustling! Hark the singing!
Hearken to love's plaintive lays;
Voices of those heavenly days— 3540
What we hope, and what we love!
Like a tale of olden time,
Echo's voice prolongs the chime.

To-whit! To-whoo! It sounds more near;
Plover, owl, and jay appear, 3545
All awake, around, above?
Paunchy salamanders too
Peer, long-limbed, the bushes through!



- And, like snakes, the roots of trees
Coil themselves from rock and sand, 3550
Stretching many a wondrous band,
Us to frighten, us to seize;
From rude knots with life embued,
Polyp-fangs abroad they spread,
To snare the wanderer! 'Neath our tread, 3555
Mice, in myriads, thousand-hued,
Through the heath and through the moss!
• And the fire-flies' glittering throng,
Wildering escort, whirls along,
Here and there, our path across. 3560
Tell me, stand we motionless,
Or still forward do we press?
All things round us whirl and fly
Rocks and trees make strange grimaces,
Dazzling meteors change their places, 3565
How they puff and multiply!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

- Now grasp my doublet—we at last
A central peak have reached, which shows,
If round a wondering glance we cast,
How in the mountain Mammon glows. 3570

FAUST.

- How through the chasms strangely gleams,
A lurid light, like dawn's red glow,
Pervading with its quivering beams,
The gorges of the gulf below! •
Here vapours rise, there clouds float by, 3575
Here through the mist the light doth shine;
Now, like a fount, it bursts on high, •
Meanders now, a slender line;
Far reaching, with a hundred veins,
Here through the valley see it glide; 3580
Here, where its force the gorge restrains,
At once it scatters, far and wide;
Anear, like showers of golden sand
Strewn broadcast, sputter sparks of light:
And mark yon rocky walls that stand 3585
Ablaze, in all their towering height!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not Sir Mammon for this fête
Grandly illume his palace ! Thou
Art lucky to have seen it ; now,
The boisterous guests, I feel, are coming straight. 3590

FAUST.

How through the air the storm doth whirl !
Upon my neck it strikes with sudden shock.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling to these ancient ribs of granite rock,
Else to yon depths profound it you will hurl. 3595
A murky vapour thickens night.
Hark ! Through the woods the tempests roar !
The owlets flit in wild affright. .
Hark ! Splinter'd are the columns that upbore
The leafy palace, green for aye :
The shivered branches whirr and sigh, 3600
Yawn the huge trunks with mighty groan,
The roots, upriven, creak and moan !
In fearful and entangled fall,
One crashing ruinwhelms them all,
While through the desolate abyss, 3605
Sweeping the wreck-strown precipice,
The raging storm-blasts howl and hiss !
Aloft strange voices dost thou hear !
Distant now and now more near ?
Hark ! the mountain ridge along, 3610
Streameth a raving magic-song !

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Now to the Brocken the witches hie,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green ;
Thither the gathering legions fly, .
And sitting aloft is Sir Urian seen : 3615
O'er stick and o'er stone they go whirling along,
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng.

VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now ;
She rides upon a farrow sow.

CHORUS.

Honour to her, to whom honour is due! 3620
Forward, Dame Baubo! Honour to you!
A goodly sow and mother thereon,
The whole witch chorus follows anon.

VOICE.

Which way didst come?

VOICE.

O'er Ilsestein!
There I peep'd in an owl's nest. 3625
With her broad eye she gazed in mine!

VOICE.

Drive to the devil, thou hellish pest!
Why ride so hard?

VOICE.

She has graz'd my side,
Look at the wounds, how deep and how wide!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad, the way is long; 3630
What mad pursuit! What tumult wild!
Scratches the besom and sticks the prong;
Crush'd is the mother, and stifled the child.

WIZARDS (*half chorus*).

Like house-encumber'd snail we creep;
While far ahead the women keep, 3635
For when to the devil's house we speed,
By a thousand steps they take the lead.

THE OTHER HALF.

Not so, precisely do we view it;—
They with a thousand steps may do it;
But let them hasten as they can, 3640
With one long bound 'tis clear'd by man.

VOICES (*above*).

Come with us, come with us from Felsensee.

VOICES (*from below*).

Aloft to you we would mount with glee!

A custom 'tis of ancient date, 3700
 Our lesser worlds within the great world to create!
 Young witches there I see, naked and bare,
 And old ones, veil'd more prudently.
 For my sake only courteous be!
 The trouble's small, the sport is rare. 3705
 Of instruments I hear the curs'd din—
 One must get used to it. Come in! come in!
 'There's now no help for it. I'll step before,
 And introducing you as my good friend,
 Confer on you one obligation more. 3710
 How say you now? 'Tis no such paltry room;
 Why only look, you scarce can see the end.
 A hundred fires in rows disperse the gloom;
 They dance, they talk, they cook, make love, and drink:
 Where could we find aught better, do you think? 3715

FAUST.

To introduce us, do you purpose here
 As devil or as wizard to appear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Though I am wont indeed to strict incognito,
 Yet upon gala-days one must one's orders show.
 No garter have I to distinguish me, 3720
 Natiless the cloven foot doth here give dignity.
 Seest thou yonder snail? Crawling this way she hies;
 With searching feelers, she, no doubt,
 Hath me already scented out;
 Here, even if I would, for me there's no disguise. 3725
 From fire to fire, we'll saunter at our leisure,
 The gallant you, I'll cater for your pleasure.
 (*To a party seated round some expiring embers.*)
 Old gentlemen, apart, why sit ye moping here?
 Ye in the midst should be of all this jovial cheer,
 Girt round with noise and youthful riot; 3730
 At home one surely has enough of quiet.

GENERAL.

In nations put his trust, who may,
 Whate'er for them one may have done;

For with the people, as with women, they
Honour your rising stars alone !

3735

MINISTER.

Now all too far they wander from the right ;
I praise the good old ways, to them I hold,
Then was the genuine age of gold,
~~When~~ we ourselves were foremost in men's sight.

PARVENU.

Ne'er were we 'mong your dullards found,
And what we ought not, that to do were fair ;
Yet now are all things turning round and round,
When on firm basis we would them maintain.

3740

AUTHOR.

Who, as a rule, a treatise now would care
To read, of even moderate sense ?
As for the rising generation, ne'er
Has youth displayed such arrogant pretence.

3745

MEPHISTOPHELES

(suddenly appearing very old).

Since for the last time I the Brocken scale,
That folk are ripe for doomsday, now one sees ;
And just because my cask begins to fail,
So the whole world is also on the lees.

3750

HUCKSTER-WITCH.

Stop, gentlemen, nor pass me by,
Of wares I have a choice collection :
Pray honour them with your inspection.
Dose not this opportunity !

3755

Yet nothing in my booth you'll find
Without its counterpart on earth ; there's naught,
Which to the world, and to mankind,
Hath not some direful mischief wrought.
No dagger here, which hath not flow'd with blood,
No chalice, whence, into some healthy frame
Hath not been poured hot poison's wasting flood.
No trinket, but hath wrought some woman's shame,
No weapon but hath cut some sacred tie,
Or from behind hath stabl'd an enemy.

3760

3765

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip! For wares like these the time's gone by.
 What's done is past! what's past is done!
 With novelties your booth supply;
 Us novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

May this wild scene my senses spare!
 This, may in truth be called a fair!

3770

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the eddying concourse throng;
 Thinking to push, thyself art push'd along.

FAUST.

Who's that, pray?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well! That's Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife. Of her rich locks beware!
 That charm in which she's parallel'd by few;
 When in its toils a youth she doth ensnare,
 He will not soon escape, I promise you.

3775

FAUST.

There sit a pair, the old one with the young;
 Already they have bravely danced and sprung!

3780

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here there is no repose to-day.
 Another dance begins; we'll join it, come away!

FAUST

(dancing with the young one).

Once a fair vision came to me;
 Therein I saw an apple-tree,
 Two beauteous apples charmed mine eyes; 3785
 I climb'd forthwith to reach the prize.

THE FAIR ONE.

Apples still fondly ye desire,
 From paradise it hath been so.

Feelings of joy my breast inspire
That such too in my garden grow. 3790

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one*).

Once a weird vision came to me;
Therein I saw a rifted tree.
It had a ;
But as it was it pleased me too.

THE OLD ONE.

I beg most humbly to salute 3795
The gallant with the cloven foot!
Let him a have ready here,
If he a does not fear.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed mob! How dare ye thus to meet?
Have I not shown and demonstrated too, 3800
That ghosts stand not on ordinary feet?
Yet here ye dance, as other mortals do!

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

Then at our ball, what doth he here?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh! He must everywhere appear.
He must adjudge, when others dance; 3805
If on each step his say's not said,
So is that step as good as never made.
He's most annoyed, so soon as we advance;
If ye would circle in one narrow round,
As he in his old mill, then doubtless he 3810
Your dancing would approve,—especially
If ye forthwith salute him with respect profound!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. •

Still here! what arrogance! unheard of quite!
Vanish; we now have fill'd the world with light!
Laws are unheeded by the devil's host; 3815
Wise as we are, yet Tegel hath its ghost!
How long at this conceit I've swept with all my might,
Lost is the labour: 'tis unheard of quite!

THE FAIR ONE.

Cease here to tease us any more, I pray.

PROTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, I plainly to your face declare: 8820
 No spiritual control myself will bear,
 Since my own spirit can exert no sway.

(*The dancing continues.*)

To-night, I see, I shall in naught succeed;
 But I'm prepar'd my travels to pursue,
 And hope, before my final step indeed, 8825
 To triumph over bards and devils too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now in some puddle will he take his station,
 Such is his mode of seeking consolation;
 Where leeches, feasting on his rump, will drain
 Spirits alike and spirit from his brain. 8830

(*To FAUST, who has left the dance.*)

But why the charming damsel leave, I pray,
 Who to you in the dance so sweetly sang?

FAUST.

Ah! in the very middle of her lay,
 Out of her mouth a small red mouse there sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suppose there did! One must not be too nice. 8835
 'Twas well it was not grey, let that suffice.
 Who 'mid his pleasures for a trifle cares?

FAUST.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there
 Standing far off, a lone child, pale and fair?
 Slow from the spot her drooping form she tears, 8840
 And seems with shackled feet to move along;
 I own, within me the delusion's strong,
 That she the likeness of my Gretchen wears.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gaze not upon her! 'Tis not good! Forbear!
 'Tis lifeless, magical, a shape of air, 8845



An idol. Such to meet with, bodes no good;
That rigid look of hers doth freeze man's blood,
And well-nigh petrifies his heart to stone:—
The story of Medusa thou hast known.

FAUST.

Ay, verily! a corpse's eyes are those, 3850
Which there was no fond loving hand to close.
That is the bosom I so fondly press'd,
That my sweet Gretchen's form, so oft caress'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Deluded fool! 'Tis magic, I declare!
To each she doth his lov'd one's image wear. 3855

FAUST.

What bliss! what torture! vainly I essay
To turn me from that piteous look away.
How strangely doth a single crimson line
Around that lovely neck its coil entwine,
It shows no broader than a knife's blunt edge! 3860

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right. I see it also, and allege
That she beneath her arm her head can bear,
Since Perseus cut it off.—But you I swear
Are craving for illusion still!
Come then, ascend yon little hill! 3865
As on the Prater all is gay,
And if my senses are not gone,
I see a theatre,—what's going on?

SERVIBILIS.

They are about to recommence;—the play
Will be the last of seven, and spick-span new— 3870
'Tis usual here that number to present.
A dilettante did the piece invent,
And dilettanti will enact it too.
Excuse me, gentlemen; to me's assign'd
As dilettante to uplift the curtain. 3875

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You on the Blocksberg I'm rejoiced to find,
That tis your most appropriate sphere is certain.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

OBERON AND TITANIA'S

GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

Theatre. *

MANAGER.

Vales, where mists still shift and play,
To ancient hill succeeding,—
These our scenes ;—so we, to-day,
May rest, brave sons of Mieding.

3880

HERALD.

That the marriage golden be,
Must fifty years be ended ;
More dear this feast of gold to me,
Contention now suspended.

3885

OBERON.

Spirits, if present, grace the scene,
And if with me united,
Then gratulate the king and queen,
Their troth thus newly plighted !

PUCK.

Puck draws near and wheels about,
In mazy circles dancing !
Hundreds swell his joyous shout,
Behind him still advancing.

3890

ARIEL.

Ariel wakes his dainty air,
His lyre celestial stringing.— 8895
Fools he lureth, and the fair,
With his celestial singing.

OBERON.

Wedded ones, would ye agree,
We court your imitation :
Would ye fondly love as we, 3900
We counsel separation.

TITANIA.

If husband scold and wife retort,
Then bear them far asunder ;
Her to the burning south transport,
And him the North Pole under. 3905

THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (*fortissimo*).

Flies and midges all unite
With frog and chirping cricket,
Our orchestra throughout the night,
Resounding in the thicket !

(*Solo.*)

Yonder doth the bagpipe come ! 3910
Its sack an airy bubble.
Schnick, schnick, schnack, with nasal hum,
Its notes it doth redouble.

EMBRYO SPIRIT.

Spider's foot and midge's wing,
A toad in form and feature ; 3915
Together verses it can string,
Though scarce a living creature.

A LITTLE PAIR.

Tiny step and lofty bound,
Through dew and exhalation ;
Ye trip it deftly on the ground, 3920
But gain no elevation.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Can I indeed believe my eyes?
 Is't not mere masquerading?
 What! Oberon in beauteous guise,
 Among the groups parading! 3925

ORTHODOX.

No claws, no tail to whisk about,
 To fright us at our revel;—
 Yet like the gods of Greece, no doubt,
 He too's a genuine devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

These that I'm hitting off to-day 8930
 Are sketches unpretending;
 Towards Italy without delay,
 My steps I think of bending.

PURIST.

Alas! ill-fortune leads me here,
 Where riot still grows louder;
 And 'mong the witches gather'd here, 8935
 But two alone wear powder!

YOUNG WITCH.

Your powder and your petticoat,
 Suit hags, there's no gainsaying;
 Hence I sit fearless on my goat, 3940
 My naked charms displaying.

MATRON.

We're too well-bred to squabble here,
 Or insult back to render;
 But may you wither soon, my dear,
 Although so young and tender. 3945

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis,
 Throng not the naked beauty!
 Frogs and crickets in the mosses,
 Keep time and do your duty!

CRANE.

Where waters troubled are or clear,
 To fish I am delighted;
 Thus pious gentlemen appear 3980
 With devils here united.

WORLDLING.

By pious people, it is true,
 No medium is rejected;
 Conventicles, and not a few,
 On Blocksberg are erected 3985'

DANCER.

Another chorus now succeeds,
 Far off the drums are beating.
 Be still! The bitterns 'mong the reeds
 Their one note are repeating.

DANCING MASTER.

Each twirls about and never stops, 3990
 And as he can he fareth.
 The crooked leaps, the clumsy hops,
 Nor for appearance careth.

FIDDLER.

To take each other's life, I trow,
 Would cordially delight them! 3995
 As Orpheus' lyre the beasts, so now
 The bagpipe doth unite them.

DOGMATIST.

My views, in spite of doubt and sneer.
 I hold with stout persistence,
 Inferring from the devils here, 4000
 The evil one's existence.

IDEALIST.

My every sense rules Phantasy
 With sway quite too potential;
 Sure I'm demented if the I
 Alone is the essential. 4005

REALIST.

This entity's a dreadful bore,
And cannot choose but vex me;
The ground beneath me ne'er before
Thus totter'd to perplex me.

SUPERNATURALIST.

Well pleased assembled here I view 4010
Of spirits this profusion;
• From devils, touching angels too,
I gather some conclusion.

SCEPTIC.

The ignis fatuus they track out,
And think they're near the treasure. 4015
Devil alliterates with doubt,
Here I abide with pleasure.

LEADER OF THE BAND.

Frog and cricket in the mosses,—
Confound your gasconading!
Nose of fly and gnat's proboscis;— 4020
Most tuneful serenading!

THE KNOWING ONES.

Sans-souci, so this host we greet,
Their jovial humour showing;
There's now no walking on our feet,
So on our heads we're going. • 4025

THE AWKWARD ONES.

In seasons past we snatch'd, 'tis true,
—Some tit-bits by our cunning;
Our shoes, alas, are now danced through,
• On our bare soles we're running. •

WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.

From marshy bogs we sprang to light, 4030
Yet here behold us dancing;
The gayest gallants of the night,
In glitt'ring rows advancing.

SHOOTING STAR.

With rapid motion from on high,
 I shot in starry splendour;
 Now prostrate on the grass I lie;—
 Who aid will kindly render? 4035

THE MASSIVE ONES.

Room! wheel round! They're coming! lo!
 Down sink the bending grasses.
 Though spirits, yet their limbs, we know, 4040
 Are huge substantial masses.

PUCK.

Don't stamp so heavily, I pray;
 Like elephants you're treading!
 And 'mong the elves be Puck to-day,
 The stoutest at the wedding! 4045

ARIEL.

If nature boon, or subtle sprite,
 Endow your soul with pinions;—
 Then follow to yon rosy height,
 Through ether's calm dominions!

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Drifting cloud and misty wreathes 4050
 Are fill'd with light elysian;
 O'er reed and leaf the zephyr breathes—
 So fades the fairy vision!

A gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! despairing! long wandering ritfully on
 the face of the earth and now imprisoned! This gentle
 hapless creature, immured in the dungeon as a malefactor
 and reserved for horrid tortures! That it should come to
 this! To this!—Perfidious, worthless spirit, and this
 thou hast concealed from me!—Stand! ay, stand! roll
 in malicious rage thy fiendish eyes! Stand and brave
 me with thine insupportable presence! Imprisoned! In
 hopeless misery! Delivered over to the power of evil



spirits and the judgment of un pitying humanity!—And me, the while, thou wert lulling with tasteless dissipations, concealing from me her growing anguish, and leaving her to perish without help! 4066

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUST.

Hound! Execrable monster!—Back with him, oh thou infinite spirit! back with the reptile into his dog's shape, in which it was his wont to scamper before me at even-tide, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he fell! Change him again into his favourite shape, that he may crouch on his belly before me in the dust, whilst I spurn him with my foot, the reprobate!—Not the first!—Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable, that more than one human creature has ever sunk into a depth of wretchedness like this, or that the first in her writhing death-agony, should not have atoned in the sight of all-pardoning Heaven, for the guilt of all the rest! The misery of this one pierces me to the very marrow, and harrows up my soul; thou art grinning calmly over the doom of thousands! 4082

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are once again at our wit's end, just where the reason of you mortals snaps! Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it? Wilt fly, and art not proof against dizziness? Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou on us? 4087

FAUST.

Cease thus to gnash thy ravenous fangs at me! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious spirit, thou who didst vouchsafe to reveal thyself unto me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why hast thou linked me with this base associate, who feeds on mischief and revels in destruction? 4093

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her!—or woe to thee! The direst of curses on thee for thousands of years!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the avenger, nor withdraw his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it plunged her into perdition? I or thou? 4099

FAUST (*looks wildly around*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would'st grasp the thunder? Well for you, poor mortals, that 'tis not yours to wield! To smite to atoms, the being however innocent, who obstructs his path, such is the tyrant's fashion of relieving himself in difficulties! •

FAUST.

Convey me thither! She shall be free! 4104

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger to which thou dost expose thyself? Know, the guilt of blood, shed by thy hand, lies yet upon the town. Over the place where fell the murdered one, avenging spirits hover and watch for the returning murderer. 4109

FAUST.

This too from thee? The death and downfall of a world be on thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and set her free! 4112

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee. And what I can do,—hear! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder,—do thou possess thyself of the keys and lead her forth with human hand! I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power. 4118

FAUST.

Up and away!

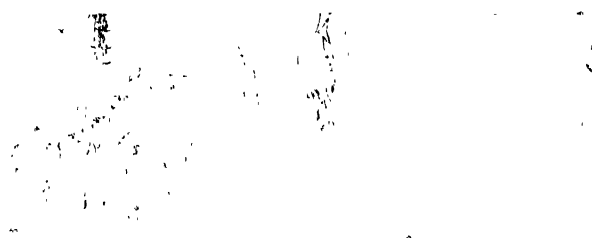
Night. Open country.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*Rushing along on black horses.*)

FAUST.

What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone? 4120



MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they shape and brew.

FAUST.

They're soaring, swooping, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A 'witches' pack.

FAUST.

They charm, they strew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On! On!

Dungeon.

FAUST

(with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls; 4115

Man's concentrated wee o'erwhelms me here!

She dwells immur'd within these dripping walls;

Her only trespass a delusion dear!

Thou lingerest at the fatal door?

Thou dread'st to see her face once more? 4130

On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

(He seizes the lock. Singing within.)

My mother, the harlot,

She took me and slew!

My father, the scoundrel,

Hath eaten me too! 4135

My sweet little sister

Hath all my bones laid,

Where soft breezes whisper

All in the cool shade!

Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,

Fly away! little bird, fly away! fly away! 4141

FAUST *(opening the lock).*

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,

The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.

(He enters).

MARGARET

(hiding her face in the bed of straw).

Woe! woe! they come! oh bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free? 4145

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).

If thou art human, feel my misery!

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!

*(He grasps the chains to unlock them.)*MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power

O'er me could give?

Thou com'st for me at midnight-hour.

4150

Be merciful, and let me live!

Is morrow's dawn not time enough?

(She stands up).

I'm still so young, so young—

And must so early die!

Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.

4155

My love is now afar, he then was nigh;

Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strew'd.

Nay, seize me not with hand so rude!

Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?

Oh let me not in vain implore!

4160

I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.

Let me my babe but suckle once again!

I fondled it the live-long night;

4165

They took it from me but to give me pain,

And now, they say that I my child have slain.

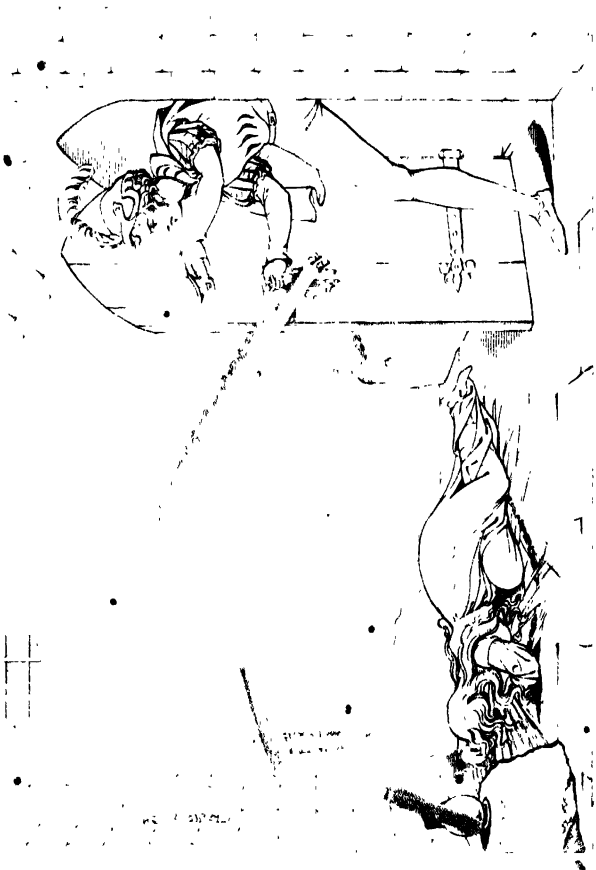
Gladness I ne'er again shall know.

Then they sing songs about me,—'tis wick- of the
throng—

An ancient ballad endeth so;

4170

Who bade them thus apply the song?



FAUST

(throwing himself on the ground).

A lover at thy feet bends low,
To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET

(throws herself beside him).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
• Look! look! yon stairs below, 4175
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar! 4180

FAUST *(aloud).*

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET *(listening).*

That was my lov'd one's voice!
(She springs up, the chains fall off.)
Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
'To his neck will I fly, 4185
On his bosom will lie!
Gretchen, he called!—On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew. 4190

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

• 'Tis thou! O say so once again!
(embracing him.)
'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am sav'd!— 4195

Already now the street I see
 Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.
 There too the pleasant garden shade,
 Where I and Martha for thy coming stay'd.

FAUST

(endeavouring to lead her away).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh do not haste! 4200
 I love to linger where thou stayest. *(caressing him.)*

FAUST.

Ah haste! For if thou still delayest,
 Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

Now, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!
 So short a time away from me, and yet, 4205
 To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
 Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel—
 When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
 From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
 As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!— 4210
 Kiss me!
 Or I'll kiss thee! *(She embraces him.)*
 Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold,—
 Are dumb!
 Thy love where hast thou left? 4215
 Who hath me of thy love bereft? *(She turns away from him.)*

FAUST.

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!
 I'll cherish thee with ardour thousand-fold;
 I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET

(turning towards him).

And art thou he? and art thou really he? 4220

FAUST.

'Tis I! Oh come!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST.

Come! come! already! ight begins to wane. 4225

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to I 'grave,
I drown'd my child b eath the wave.
Was it not given to t e and me—thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I arce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! is no dream! 'Tis true! 4230
Thine own dear hand. —But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! M seems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah God! what hast th u done?
Put up thy sword, 4235
I beg of thee!

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

MARGARET.

No, thou must li e here in sorrow!
The graves I will a scribe to thee, 4240
And thou to them mu st see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my b ody,

Me at some distance lay— 4245
 But not too far away!
 And the little one place on my right breast.
 Nobody else will near me lie!
 To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
 That was a rapture, gracious and sweet! 4250
 A rapture I never again shall prove;
 Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
 And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat—
 Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me! 4255

MARGARET.

What, there? without?

FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without,—If death lurk there!
 Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
 And not one step beyond!—'thou'rt leaving me?
 Oh Henry! would that I could go with thee! 4260

FAUST.

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
 What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
 'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
 And with an evil conscience thereto! 4265
 'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
 And me they will catch, do what I may!

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET.

Quick! Quick!
 Save thy poor child! 4270
 Keep to the path
 The brook along,
 Over the bridge
 To the wood beyond,
 To the left, where the plank is, 4275
 In the pond.
 Seize it at once!
 It fain would rise,
 It struggles still!
 Save it. Oh save! 4280

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
 One little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill!
 There sits my mother upon a stone—
 My brain, alas, is cold with dread!— 4285
 There sits my mother upon a stone,
 And to and fro she shakes her head;
 She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
 She slept so long, she waked no more;
 She slept, that we might taste of bliss: 4290
 Ah! those were happy times, I wis!

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
 Thence hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
 With murderous hand hold not so fast! 4295
 I have done all to please thee in the past!

FAUST.

Day dawns! My love! My love!

MARGARET.

Yes! day draws near,

The day of judgment too will soon appear!
 It should have been my bridal! No one tell,
 That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well. 4300
 Woe to my garland!
 Its bloom is o'er!
 Though not at the dance—
 We shall meet once more.
 The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls; 4305
 The squares, the streets,
 Scarce hold the throng.
 The staff is broken,—the death-bell tolls,—
 They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
 To the seat of blood already I'm bound! 4310
 Quivers each neck as the naked steel
 Quivers on mine the blow to deal—
 The silence of the grave now broods around!

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up! or you're lost. 4315
 Vain hesitation! Babbling, quaking!
 My steeds are shivering,
 Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
 'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase! 4320
 What would he in this holy place?
 It is for me he cometh!

FAUST.

'Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!



24

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come, come! With her I'll else abandon thee!

MARGARET.

• Father, I'm thine! Do thou deliver me! 4325
 Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
 Encamp around to guard me and defend!—
 Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved!

• MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come thou with me!

(*vanishes with FAUST.*)

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry! 4330

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